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Vol. I. { SINGLE
NUMBER. }

FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER,
180 WILLIAM STREET, N. Y.

{ PRICE
5 CENTS. }

No. 300.

Bob Short; or, One of Our Boys.



"Does that hurt you?" asked Bob, as he landed a blow on the tip of the professor's nose, at the same time calling to Stuffy.

CHAPTER I.

It was a great day in the Short family.

Old Ebenezer Short, Bob's father, had always predicted that Bob would go to the devil, be hung, or transported, or be sent to the Dry Tortugas for the balance of his days.

But here was Bob, on his fourteenth birthday, actually in a situation, at five dollars a week.

"How did it happen, Bob?" asked his father at the tea-table. "Tell us all about it."

Bob gulped down a big mouthful of bread and butter, and answered:

"Yer see, I was walkin' up Broadway with Stuffy Campbell, w'en I sees a old gentleman comin' along. He was a very stout old man,

and had a big watch chain on his vest. Jest as he got up to where we was, a young rooster rushes out of a side street, and rushes at the old gent like mad, with his head down like a rhinoceros, or a what-is-it. Afore we had time to say a word the little 'un had let him have it."

"Let him have what, Bob?" asked his mother, innocently.

"Let him have his bullet head right in the stummick."

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Mrs. Short. "What was that for?"

"That was fur instance," answered Bob, with a grin. "Well, afore yer could say a word the old gent was doubled up; his watch was outer his pocket, and the little un was off like a shot!

I heer'd the old 'un groaning like a creaky staircase, and me and Stuffy Campbell put fur the feller that had the watch."

At this point of his narrative, Bob burst out laughing so heartily that it was some moments before he could proceed.

"I think I see Stuffy now," he said, the tears in his eyes from laughing. "He was a little bit ahead of me, and all three of us runnin' like mad. All of a suddint, the boy with the big head, that had the watch, he found that Stuffy was 'rainin' on him, an' jest as he was reaching out his hand to grab him, down he flops, and over head and heels shoots Stuffy. But I was behind him, and I got him, watch and all. Well, I give him a gentle h'ist and says I: 'This ain't no good

way o' doin' business," and I let him go. Then I walked back and met the old gentleman comin' up, very red in the face. I give him his watch. He turned out to be a fash'nable jeweler, and that's how I come to get the situation. 'You're an honest lad,' says he, 'and honesty's the best policy,' says he; 'you bet,' says I."

"And what do you have to do in your new place, Bob?" asked his sister, a pretty girl of sixteen.

"Well," answered the young rascal, with a grin, "I'm head o' the diamond department. I keeps them in big sacks behind the counter. Also, I run errands."

It will be gathered from the foregoing conversation that Mr. Robert Short, better known as Bob Short, the hero of our story, had fallen into a slice of good luck, and how he made use of his opportunities in his new situation will shortly appear.

The very next day, Bob was sitting on his stool in the jewelry store of Mr. Rufus, awaiting an order to go to the post-office, when an elegantly dressed gentleman entered, followed by a servant in gorgeous livery.

Bob had never seen such a splendid livery before, and took particular notice of it.

The gentleman approached the counter and entered into conversation with the attendant, while the servant kept at a respectful distance.

Very shortly the glass counter was strewn with rings of all grades of value. Trays full of the glittering gems sparkled on it, and the gentleman tried one after another.

As he slipped them on and off his finger, Bob suddenly gave a sharp exclamation which he could not suppress.

"I know that feller," said he, to himself, "an' it ain't so long since he was up the river, nayther. If that ain't Slim-fingered Jake of the Fourth Ward, then I'm a snoozer."

Bob was right. The elegantly-dressed gentleman was one of the most expert thieves in New York, and was called Slim-fingered Jake on account of his marvellous dexterity and ladylike hands.

Bob said nothing, but kept a sharp look-out. "Here, Bob," called Mr. Rufus. "Take this to the post-office, and be quick. I want you to go up town."

"Hold on a bit," said Bob, cool as a cucumber. The jeweler stared.

"Well, that's a very old boy," he thought, looking at him over his spectacles. "Did you hear what I said, Bob?"

"Oh, yes, I heern," returned Mr. Short.

Then he treated Mr. Rufus to a very knowing wink, that convulsed the clerks behind the counter, and repeated:

"Hold on a minute."

The jeweler took off his spectacles, and was about to make an angry reply, when all of a sudden Bob rushed to the front door, shut it, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

"One second," said he, turning to the young man behind the counter, who had just put the last tray of rings in the case. "Have you missed anything, mister?"

The clerk turned red, and took out the tray again.

"Bob—Bob," said Mr. Rufus, in some alarm, "you must be very careful. This is no child's play. Have you seen anybody take anything?"

"I must confess this is a very remarkable proceeding," said the elegantly-dressed gentleman, in an English accent.

"All I can say is this," said Bob. "Ef I ain't right, kick me out right away. But I want that there tray examined afore I give in."

Mr. Rufus signed to the clerk to examine it, and just as the latter opened it, the servant in the gorgeous livery stepped forward, opening a pocket-book in which were several English bank-notes and sovereigns, and some American greenbacks.

"This is very sad," he said, softly, to the proprietor, as the elegantly-dressed gentleman fell back a little.

"Anything gone?" demanded Mr. Rufus.

"Two rings," said the other, white as a sheet.

Bob grinned. "Fetch the police," said Mr. Rufus.

Bob was about to open the door, when the servant interposed.

"For Heaven's sake, sir, listen to one word before you create a scandal. My master is an English nobleman, unfortunately afflicted with kleptomania."

"Ha—ha! That's a good 'un," remarked Bob. "That beats cock-fighting, that does. What a game it is."

"I am sent with him wherever he goes," continued the servant, "owing to this unfortunate weakness."

"It's a payin' weakness," remarked Bob. "I shouldn't mind havin' a small measure of diamonds myself, on the same terms."

"I shall be most happy to reimburse you for the rings and your trouble," continued the servant, taking out a roll of Bank of England notes.

Seeing that Mr. Rufus was about to accept, believing this plausible story, Bob stepped forward again.

"Oh, that's played!" he said; "this here feller's known as Slim-fingered Jake, an' he ain't bin out o' Sing Sing three months."

The confederates saw that the game was up, and in half an hour more were on their way to the station house, under arrest.

Bob's employer made him a handsome present, and thanked him publicly.

"Oh, I knowed him the minute he come in," said Mr. Short, complacently.

"But how did you come to know him, Bob?" asked the jeweler.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Bob, "an' if you was to do the same, yer'd soon know who to trust and who not ter."

"I should very much like to know, indeed," answered Mr. Rufus.

"Very well, then. You jest stand around the corners fur ten years as I did, and yer'll know every celebrity in the ward."

In the midst of the laughter which this answer provoked, Bob left for the post office.

CHAPTER II.

THE post office in those days (for we are now writing of the year 1865) was the old tumble-down rookery in Nassau street. In the corridor of this building, and in the neighborhood of it, all sorts of hawkers and pedlers were in the habit of doing business.

Bob had got his bag of letters, and was coming along Nassau street, wondering what he should buy for his mother and sister out of the money Mr. Rufus had given him, when his attention was attracted by a man who stood in front of a little frame, filled with card portraits of noted actors, actresses, ministers, etc.

"Here ye are!" shouted the man, pointing to the pictures with a cane. "Each portrait only ten cents. On the back of every one of them there is a number. If you pick out the right number, you're entitled to a prize. Prizes range from twenty-five cents to five dollars, and the pictures worth double the money! Only ten cents a picture and the chance of a prize. Who's the next buyer?"

A little crowd stood around, open-mouthed.

Bob listened a little, and then, elbowing his way in, said:

"Guv'nor, is this on the dead level?"

"Ten cents a picture, young man," said the other.

"But there's prizes onto 'em, eh?"

"Prizes rangin' from twenty-five cents to five dollars," returned the showman.

"On them cards in the rack?"

"Yes, sir."

"You hear what he says, boys?" demanded Bob.

"Yes—yes," cried the crowd.

"Go in, Bob," said one.

"Halloo, Stuff, is that you?" said Bob, recognizing the voice of his friend Campbell. "Will yer see fair play?"

"Yes—yes!" they all cried, now thoroughly interested.

Bob drew out a quarter.

"Yersay there's a prize rangin' from a quarter to a V on them very cards, eh?"

"Yes, sir, ten cents a card, and every picture worth double the money."

Bob looked at his quarter a moment and grinned.

"I'll take 'em all," he said, giving the man a five-dollar bill with his other hand.

There were just thirty-two of them—the price of the lot being \$3.20.

A roar went up from the crowd.

"Hold on, boys," shouted Bob. "Ef there ain't no five-dollar prize, he's a swindle, ain't he?"

"Yes—yes!" roared the crowd. "He said so."

"Then let the quarters go," said Bob. "Come, my fine gen'lman, jest you hand me a dollar an' eighty cents change, thirty-two picture cards, an' a clean five-dollar note fur the prize, an' I'll let yer off with the rest."

There was no help for it.

The crowd had increased to double the size, there was no way of escape, and the showman had to give in.

Bob went on his way very coolly, just one dollar and eighty cents ahead by the operation, with thirty-two photographs in his pocket.

"I know what I'll do wid 'em," he said, as he walked along.

"Wot?" asked Mr. Stuffy Campbell, who had joined him.

"I'll buy an album, an' give 'em ter my sister."

And he did, for Bob never forgot the folks at home.

Now, this pretty sister of Bob's was visited pretty constantly at the house by a young Englishman who inspired our hero with feelings of unmitigated disgust. His name was David Reed, he wore eye-glasses in a very affected manner, had long, drooping, red side whiskers, and his collars stood up at the imminent risk of cutting his big ears off.

Bob saw this fellow was not in his sister's good graces, and wondered that she tolerated him at all.

"Why don't yer get rid of that snoozer?" he asked her one day.

Pretty Jenny Short blushed.

"I don't know what you mean by 'snoozer,' Bob," she said. "I suppose it's something bad. You're always talking slang."

"Well, why don't you get rid of him, anyhow?" persisted Bob.

"Because I can't," said his sister, laughing. "I don't care for him, but he won't take a hint."

"Oh, he won't, eh?" grinned Mr. Robert Short.

He said nothing more to his sister on the subject, but quietly laid his plans. He knew the hour at which David came home from work, and to use his own phrase, he and Stuffy Campbell "laid" for him one evening in the Bowery.

"The very person," shouted Bob, rushing up and seizing him by the arm.

"Alloo!" said the Britisher.

"Come on," said Bob.

"But I cawn't, ye know," said the Britisher.

"But you must, ye know," retorted Bob.

"But where are you going?"

"Oh, you'll see. Heaps o' fun. Jest wot the Englishmen like, ain't it, Stuff?"

"Is it tripe?"

"No."

"Is it calf's 'ead?"

"No."

"Then, blawst my h'eyes, wot is it?"

"It's a boxing match."

"Oh, but I cawn't go to-night, ye know."

Bob stopped.

"I told Jennie you was a comin'," he said, "and so she went out."

This settled it, and after being introduced to Bob's friend, David agreed to go, and they all started off together.

It was winter time, and just as they got abreast of the Cooper Institute it began to snow.

"This is the blawstest climate I h'ever 'eard of," said the Britisher. "One 'arf o' the year you're 'up to yer bloody h'eyes in snow, and the other 'arf of the year, you're h'up to yer bloody h'elbows in dust."

"Oh, well," grinned Bob, "you'll be warm enough inside, won't he, Stuff?"

The other asserted, and presently they arrived at their destination.

They soon found themselves in a room which was half filled with tobacco smoke, and with a wink to some of his friends, Bob introduced the Englishman.

"My friend, Mr. Jem Mace—Mr. Reed."

"Appy to know you, sir," said the latter, looking with awe at the man—in reality a Fourth Ward rounder.

"Mr. Joseph Coburn—Mr. Reed. Mr. John Dwyer—Mr. Reed. Judge Dowling—Mr. Reed. Superintendent Kelso—Mr. Reed."

The victim stared very hard as these names were pronounced, and Mr. Stuffy Campbell had to retire a moment to have a grin all by himself.

"Wot! Do the police come 'ere?" asked Reed, when Bob introduced Superintendent Kelso.

"Perlice!" echoed Bob. "I should say they did. Why, that's noth'n'. D'ye see that old feller over there wid the blue necktie?" pointing to Uncle Bill Tovee, who was master of the ceremonies.

"Yes."

"Well, that's Charles O'Connor."

"Gawd bless my soul!" ejaculated the greeny in such a tone that Bob burst into a fit of laughter that well nigh spoiled the joke.

It was some time before the real business of the evening commenced, and in the meantime Bob had arranged a nice little role for Reed to play.

"I suppose, being a countryman of mine," said the man Bob had introduced as Jem Mace, "that you do something with the gloves yourself occasionally."

"Oh, well, I 'ave 'ad 'em h'on," said Reed, "but not lately, ye know. And one does get h'out o' practice werry quick."

"That's so. I've found that out myself. But you're a very likely young man, and a magnificent build for a boxer."

It cost him a severe struggle to get this out with becoming gravity, but the flattered young man was too pleased to notice anything but the compliment.

"Here's a young feller here that thinks he can spar. Poor fellow, he ought to be in some warmer climate. He's consumptive. Try them on with him, Mr. Reed, but don't hurt him, mind."

"No—no; I wouldn't 'urt 'im for the world."

"Give him a good thump, and you'd knock him in two. But don't do it; now, you promise me that?" he said, earnestly, seizing the other's hand.

"Upon me soul I won't," said Reed.

"That's right. Just give him a tap here and there, you know; that's all."

Bob Short and Stuffy Campbell were in high glee as they took their seats by the side of the stage.

Two well-known boxers had a short set-to first, and then Uncle Bill Tovee came forward and announced:

"Mr. David Reed and the Unknown."

Presently, much to the delight of Bob and his friends, the Britisher came on, his coat and vest off, but the high collar standing up in all its glory.

Mr. James Mace must have been mistaken about the Unknown. He wasn't half as sickly as he looked. The way he danced around Reed, tapping him on the "bugle," and dashing his "left duke" into his "bread-basket" was a caution.

"Time! First round!" called Tovee.

"I say," panted Reed, at the wings. "Was this the consumptive feller I was to spar with?"

"Yes—yes," whispered a dozen. "Go in and finish him. He can't last."

"So 'e's the h'Unknown, is 'e? Well, I'm blest h'if h'I want to know 'im any more."

"Oh, go in! Don't give it up! Force the fighting."

"Time!"

This round was the last, and while it lasted the audience simply screamed with laughter. The poor Britisher was knocked all over the stage.

"Oh, come now!" he ejaculated, as he got a hot one on the nose, and he had only time to throw up his arms before he got a clip at the side of the head that sent him reeling against the wings.

At last he literally ran off the stage, amidst the shouts of laughter of the audience.

When Bob saw him next, he had dressed himself, with the exception of his shoes, which somebody had hidden.

"How do I know where yer shoes is?" said Bob, coolly, as he turned to go. "Did yer have 'em on when yer come in?"

And he and Campbell left the hero to get home as best he could.

David Reed didn't show up the next day, but on the following evening he called, as usual, to see pretty Jenny Short.

Bob and Stuffy Campbell sat grinning in the parlor.

"Why, how do you do?" asked Bob, seizing him by the hand. "Have you heard of my friend Jem Mace since, and has the poor Unknown got over his injuries yet?"

The hearty laugh with which the young lady greeted this remark, showed the Britisher that she knew all about the boxing match. He rushed from the house, and never visited it again.

CHAPTER III.

Bob's friend, Stuffy Campbell, was a call-boy in the Bowery Theater, and a few days after the boxing match he came to Bob with a request.

"I helped you; now I want ver ter help me ter get square wid a snoozer in de theayter," he said.

"Tell us all about it," said Bob.

"Well, it's de heavy man."

"Wot's he done ter ye?"

"Swore at me."

"Wot for?"

"'Cause I hadn't got his patent stummick ready."

"Wot! his patent stummick? Hain't he got one of his own?"

"Yes; but he's playin' *Falstaff*, an' there ain't

a nateral stummick on a Dutchman in the Sixth ward as 'ud do for that."

"Wot kind of a stummick is it?"

"Well, I'll tell yer. Most of these actors when they plays *Falstaff* pads themselves. But it's werry hot and werry onhealthy, an' so this one's got a patent one made o' rubber. It's filled with air and screwed tight, and is light as a feather, almost."

"An' you want ter get square?"

"Yes."

"Well, git a night off, an' I'll do yer work. Then if I should happen to make a mistake—do you tumble?—it won't be your fault."

Stuffy grinned, and the night was fixed.

"Wot are yer goin' ter do?" he asked.

"Never you mind," said Bob. "You git right off, an' if yer want to see fun, just you git in de front of de house, that's all."

The actor who was playing *Falstaff* was rather a surly fellow, and now that the last night of the week had come—for it was Saturday—he was not disposed to be over civil to those around him. He was to leave for another city next day, and the week's business had not pleased him.

"Where's the call-boy?" he asked, gruffly, at about half past seven o'clock.

"I'm the call-boy for ter-night," answered Bob.

"Oh, you are, are you? Well, inflate that stomach for me."

"In—what?"

"Inflate it?"

"Wot's that?"

"Breathe through it till it's full, you jackass," said the actor.

"I'd like ter inflate yer big head," thought Bob Short, but he kept his temper and said nothing.

The first act went off splendidly. The house was crowded, as is always the case at the Bowery on Saturday night. Stuffy Campbell was in the gallery, and began to think that Bob's plans had miscarried.

In the second act of Shakespeare's wonderful play of "Henry IV.," in which *Falstaff* is a character, our readers will remember a scene in which Fat Jack falls asleep in a little nook directly in front of the audience, and snores tremendously.

This was Bob's opportunity. He slipped behind the "flats" at the back of *Falstaff*, and without the slightest sound unscrewed the little nut which made *Falstaff*'s stomach air-tight.

Then he rushed around to the front of the house and joined his friend Campbell, hardly able to prevent himself shouting with laughter.

Presently, much to the surprise of the audience, *Falstaff* began to diminish in size, and there was a slight rushing noise as of gas escaping.

Then, all of a sudden his whole stomach collapsed! Fell right in, and hung around him like a wet rag.

Shout after shout of laughter came up from the audience, and the actors and stage hands could not help joining in.

Falstaff, himself, was the last to divine the cause of these shrieks of mirth, but happening to cast a look down, and to see his own diminished size and dilapidated condition, he rushed off the stage with a terrible oath, swearing he would kill the call-boy.

Somehow, the story got out, and from that moment, Stuffy was treated by the company with marked respect.

But Bob Short did not allow these pranks to interfere with his business duties, and he paid so much attention to them, that Mr. Rufus came to him one day with an important communication.

"Bob," he said, "I have every confidence in you. I believe you would serve me if you could, eh?"

"Well, sir," said our hero, "I should be worse than an Injun ef I didn't. I owe everything ter you, and ef yer think yer can depend upon me, why only jest tell me wot's ter be done, and I'm there, ef it takes a leg!"

The jeweler took Bob into his private room.

"I have long had a suspicion, Bob, that I am being robbed right and left," he said.

Bob nodded.

"A suspicion as is calkerlated to perduce sound an' healthy sleep at nights, I guess—eh?"

Mr. Rufus smiled.

"Indeed, it has worried me very greatly, Bob; but that is not what has worried me the most. I very much fear that a man who has been long in my employ, and has enjoyed my confidence, is the thief."

"Who?"

"Mr. Jackson, our cashier. It is not my habit to suspect persons lightly, and I must say I have no ground but general suspicion for what I have told you. I know, of course, that I am losing

money that rightfully belongs to me every day, but I do not know who takes it."

"Well, wot can I do, guv'nor?"

Then followed a little whispering, which resulted in Bob's agreeing to sleep in the store for a few nights.

"I suppose I may have a friend with me?" he said.

"Who is it, Bob?"

"Stuffy Campbell," replied Bob, briefly.

"Stuffy," said Mr. Rufus, with a smile. "Is that his real name?"

"Well, I don't suppose he was baptized Stuff, but we always calls it him."

"Why?"

"'Cos he's sich a big eater. Stuffy Campbell kin eat a man off his horse, give him a cocktail and a walk 'round the block ter git up a appetite. He's a buster, he is," said Bob, admiringly.

"I should think he would be a 'buster' one of these days," said Mr. Rufus, laughing. "But, at all events, if you recommend him, he can occupy the store with you."

The cash of the day's receipts was always made up by Jackson in the presence of Mr. Rufus or his son, and at first sight it would seem impossible, therefore, for the cashier to be dishonest. But Jackson and Mr. Rufus himself were the only persons who had keys to the store, and Jackson was the only person except his employer who had the combination of the safe. Even Mr. Rufus had not taken the trouble to learn this until very recently.

It was the jeweler's belief that Jackson returned to the store in the night very frequently, falsified the entries on the books, and abstracted what money he wanted. Some of the entries showed marks of erasures, when examined with a microscope, but for the life of him Mr. Rufus could not say what they ought to be.

The first three nights of their watching sat there nothing.

The fourth night was Saturday, and Mr. Rufus had announced his intention to Jackson to go to his country place until Monday.

"If he ever comes, he'll come to-night," said Bob.

The two boys sat in their corner of the store, patiently waiting. It was two o'clock before any sign of a visitor came. Then there was no noise at the front door, and presently the great lock was thrust back, and the figure of a man advanced into the store.

"Keep down, will you?" said a voice which made Bob's hair stand on end—so little did he expect to hear it at that time of night.

It was the voice of Mr. Rufus himself.

"There's two of 'em," said Bob's companion, in a whisper.

"No, it's a dog."

"There, stay there," said Mr. Rufus, as he tied the dog to the leg of the counter.

Then the jeweler advanced to the money-desk of the cashier.

Bob got slowly up and faced his employer, expecting the latter to speak to him, but although Mr. Rufus looked hard at him, he said never a word.

Bob Short interpreted this as a sign to keep quiet, and nestled down again by the side of his companion.

CHAPTER IV.

"THIS here's a queer start, I'm blessed ef it ain't," whispered Bob, as he sat down again by the side of Stuffy. "I can't git at wot the old man means."

They were not to remain in the dark long, however, as circumstances were transpiring outside that were to put an entirely new face on the matter.

Mr. Rufus, the jeweler, lived in a splendid mansion in Fifth avenue, and was blessed with a buxom wife and five daughters, the oldest twenty-two, the youngest sweet sixteen.

For years his wife had considered him the most exemplary of husbands, but for the past year or so, her worst half had developed an unaccountable liking for going out in the middle of the night.

This had irritated Mrs. Rufus for some time, and she tried to think the best of it, but recently she had made up her mind she would stand it no longer.

Of course, with the usual keenness of married women, she believed there was a female in the case.

So that very morning at the breakfast table, she had sharply taxed her husband with his failing.

To her utter astonishment, he denied it point-blank.

"I go out in the middle of the night, my dear!" he said, smilingly. "I never did such a thing in my whole married life. You are joking."

Now, Mrs. Rufus and the five pretty daughters dropped their knives and forks in dismay. Every one of them knew that what Mrs. Rufus said was true, and to hear the head of the family deny it point-blank was too outrageous for belief.

But when she saw that her husband persisted in his denial, the matron was confirmed in her suspicions that some designing woman had got her husband in her toils, and determined to take measures to prevent any more such capers on the part of an elderly married man.

Accordingly, this very night, she and the pretty daughters "laid" for him, as the boys term it. They followed him down Fifth avenue into Broadway, and up to the store.

"Wait a little," said Mrs. Rufus. "That isn't where he goes to, I'll be bound. He's only gone in to fetch something, and we will wait outside."

In the meantime, old Mr. Rufus went about his examination of the books of the firm as though it were daytime, the boys watching him with a good deal of interest, but saying nothing.

Presently he took a small penknife from his pocket, and proceeded carefully to erase some figures.

This done, he turned to the safe, and opened the little middle compartment.

"He's going fur de boodle," suggested Stuffy, in a whisper.

Sure enough, he drew forth a roll of bills from the safe, and began to count them carefully. When he put a portion of them one side, and returned the others to the safe.

"Now let me see," he muttered. "Yes, that's correct—two twenty-three, fifty cents."

He slowly returned the day-book to the safe, and then took the money on the desk to the end of the counter.

Here, mounting a stool, he placed it in the center of the works of the great clock, and then, with a chuckle dismounted.

"Well, I'm blessed," said Bob Short, under his breath. "This here's the queerest piece o' business I've know'd fur many a day."

"What does he mean by it?" demanded Stuffy. Bob hadn't time to answer, for just at that moment a loud kicking came at the door, and the dog began to bark tremendously.

Bob and Stuffy jumped up and rushed for the door, but the latter was hardly quick enough. The big dog caught him by the loose part of his trousers and held him, growling all the time. Bob opened the door just in time to be grasped by a policeman, while the buxom wife and three pretty daughters of the jeweler stood in the doorway, the picture of anger and amazement at their discovery.

But the most singular part of the entire picture was the jeweler himself.

He stood like one transfixed, his hands thrown up in the air in an attitude of the most genuine surprise.

"How on earth did I come here?" he ejaculated.

"How on earth did you come here, you villain!" demanded his wife, shaking her umbrella at him. "We followed you, you wretch, and should have followed you to worse places, no doubt, if this police officer had not demanded to know what we were doing here."

"But my dear—"

"Your dear, you villain. A man at your time of life. An old fool, indeed; there's no fool like an old fool, and well I know it."

"Hi, gov'nor, can't ye call off this here dawg!" demanded Stuffy. "He's breakfastin' on my pants, and pants ain't as common as they ought to be, with me, anyway!"

Bob laughed a good deal to see Stuffy's perplexity, but it was not until the jeweler himself commanded the dog that he would let go his hold on Mr. Stuff's wardrobe.

"I think, Mr. Policeman," said Mr. Rufus, "that you may leave that young man at liberty now."

"All right, sir," said the officer. "You know best. I suppose it's your store. Still, I must say, it looks kinder suspicious."

"But these boys were here by my orders," said Mr. Rufus, and, although this looked very strange to the jeweler's wife, the policeman had no alternative but to obey.

"Now, sir," said Mrs. Rufus, when the policeman had gone.

"Oh, pa!" cried the three pretty daughters, with one voice.

"What have you to say for yourself?" demanded Mrs. Rufus. "Didn't you say at the breakfast table this very morning—"

"Rayther early for breakfast, Stuffy," put in Bob.

The three pretty daughters looked scornful at this interruption, but Bob smiled pleasantly on them all, and said:

"See here, mum. I'm in your husband's employ. My name's Short—Robert Short, and Bob for short. I think I kin settle this little business."

"Well—Mr. Short?"

"Oh, call me Bob. I ain't proud."

"Well, Bob," said the lady, good-humoredly, for she had heard of him from her husband.

"Well, I kin swear that the gov'nor didn't know the fust word about wot he was a-doin'. He put us here to watch the store, thinkin' that Jackson—leastways, Mr. Jackson—our cashier, was the thief. But now I know who is—it's himself, and I'll bet ten to one, man and money always ready—that he comes here in his sleep, and was more surprised than any of us when he woke up."

At first Mrs. Rufus rejected all such explanations, but presently the jeweler spoke so kindly and sincerely, and Bob spoke so plainly, that there was nothing for her but to believe it.

"You said you'd lost a heap o' money, sir," said Bob, all of a sudden.

"I have, Bob," returned the jeweler, "and I hereby offer a reward for its recovery. And I will make it a large reward in consideration of the fact that the events of to-night have cleared the character of an innocent man."

"Well, I think I know where some of it is, anyway," said Bob. "But you ain't fit ter be trusted with stamps, and I'm goin' to hand 'em to the one wot'll know how to appreciate 'em."

Mrs. Rufus smiled, supposing this was intended for her.

Bob then got a high stool and placed it in front of the big clock. He then mounted it, and thrust his hand in among the works.

Handful after handful of greenbacks he pulled out.

The entire inside of the clock seemed to be choked up with money.

"It's a lucky job for us you didn't stop, old feller," said Bob to the clock, "fur ef you'd been sent ter be fixed we should never ha' seen a sight of these here bills."

"There," said he, bringing out the last dusty handful, "that's a queer bank, ain't it, ma'am? We seen him put the last deposit in half an hour ago, didn't we, Stuffy?"

"Yer right, we did," answered that gentleman.

Bob straightened the bills out and counted them. Over six thousand dollars had been at various times placed in this queer receptacle by the jeweler while in a state of somnambulism.

"There, miss," said Bob, handing the money to the youngest and prettiest of the three daughters. "I said I'd hand 'em to one as knew how to take care on 'em."

The girl blushed and laughed.

"Take them, Jennie," said old Mr. Rufus.

Bob placed the bills in the fair hand of the young girl, and thus passed the first episode in his love-making.

CHAPTER V.

HAVING been up all night, and gone through considerable excitement, Bob and his friend Stuffy felt in just the mood for a good breakfast.

Mr. Stuffy Campbell's peculiarities as an eater have been already referred to, and it must be confessed that upon this occasion Bob himself was a worthy companion to the young man.

"Say, Stuff," said Bob, "let's be high-toned for once."

Stuffy grinned.

"Ain't we always high-toned!" he asked, with dignity. "But what d'ye want ter do, Bob?"

"Let's go ter Delmonico's."

His companion whistled.

"A dollar a head if yer only look at der waiter," he said, dubiously.

"Never mind that. We'll have a dollar's worth o' fun, you bet, and maybe we can make some sucker put up for us. Delmonico's does be full of 'em, I hear."

To Delmonico's, at the corner of Fourteenth street and Fifth avenue they went, accordingly.

Mr. Stuffy Campbell eyed the gorgeous waiters, with their snow-white napkins over their shoulders, with a great deal of awe, but Bob sat down as though he breakfasted there every day, and selected a quill toothpick from the wine-glass before him, with great care.

The waiters seemed inclined to consider it an intrusion at first, but Bob put on an air of im-

portance, and, looking around to the biggest of them, said in a loud voice:

"My man!"

The gentleman with the napkin hardly knew how to take it, at first, but ultimately came up to the table and took their orders.

Bob Short didn't do things by halves, and the breakfast he ordered was fit for a star actor or a broker who has just "covered his shorts."

While Mr. Campbell was busy maintaining his reputation as an eatist, a carriage drove up to the door, and a young apple-faced countryman came into the breakfast room, loaded with shawls and carpet-bags—fresh from the train.

"Halloo!" cried Bob to the stranger, who was looking for a convenient place to sit down. "Come over here, old fellow."

The countryman looked puzzled for a moment, but just then a waiter came up, relieved him of his shawl and valise, and brought a chair up to Bob's table.

"Sit down and make yourself at home," said Bob. "I thought you were never comin'."

"The train was half an hour late," said the simple countryman, staring at Bob and Stuffy with all the eyes in his head.

"An' how's all the folks?" asked Bob, affectionately.

"Wal, Sal's down with the measles," answered the other, at which Mr. Stuffy came so near bursting out laughing, that he had to choke himself with a piece of hot muffin.

"She's always got somethin'," continued the countryman, discontentedly.

"That's so," said Bob. "Let's see, how old is she now?"

"Nigh eighteen."

"Has she grow'd much sence I was down?" asked Bob, looking very earnest.

"Wal, I don't kinder reck'lect when you were down," answered the gentleman from Poughkeepsie.

"What?" cried Bob, "you don't reck'lect the good times we used to have last fall?"

"Pears to me I du, tu," answered the stranger.

"Of course you do. Well, when are you going back?"

"Oh, in a day or two."

"Give my regards to all the folks, and tell Sal I'll be up to see her when the measles is all gone."

"All right," said the countryman.

"And now we'll be off. We begun before you did, you know, and we have an engagement at the bank. Never mind about paying. When I point to you, you nod, and you needn't to pay a cent—if yer can get out without it," he added in a whisper.

Bob and Stuffy sauntered over to the cashier's desk, followed by the open eyes of the countryman.

"That gentleman will pay for us," said Bob, pointing to the man from Poughkeepsie, who nodded so violently in response that Bob and Stuffy could hardly contain themselves.

"All right, sir," said the cashier, respectfully; and the two young rascals left, walking very leisurely till they got to the corner, but then setting out at a pace that would have still more bewildered the countryman if he could only have seen it.

"Hold on a bit, Bob," cried Stuffy, as he held his hands to his sides, and the tears ran down his face from laughing. "I can't run any more; I can't afford it!"

"How so?"

"That's too good a breakfast to spile. I want to let it digest. I'm blessed if I want ter ruin the coat of me stummick at my time of life."

"Wot do yer want a coat to yer stummick for?" asked Bob, scornfully. "Haven't we made a couple of overcoats out of the boss?"

They trudged on down Broadway for some time in silence, when suddenly Bob said:

"Here's a reg'lar picnic!"

"Where?" asked Stuffy.

Bob pointed to a sign, which read:

"NO MORE PHYSIC!"

DISEASES CURED BY MANIPULATION!

NO CURE, NO PAY!

FIRST FLOOR. FRONT ROOM."

Stuffy grinned as he read it.

"Wot's man—what yer call it?" he asked.

"Manipulation?" says Bob. "I'm blessed ef I know, but we'll soon find out. I guess it's some sorter electricity. Come on, we'll give it a trial."

"Well, where's the disease?"

"Hold on till we get on the first floor," answered Bob, and sure enough never did the

climbing of one pair of stairs appear to affect mortal so terribly before.

Bob mounted the first stair the very picture of health.

When he had arrived at the landing, his face was all drawn on one side, and his expression was so dismal that "Stuffy" had to sit down on the stairs and have his laugh out before they dared to enter.

"Well, you are a caution," he said, surveying Bob admiringly, who never moved a muscle of his countenance.

When they entered the apartments of the professor of the new school, they found that the presiding genius was a very fat, red-faced man, who went by the name of Dr. Bartlett.

"Step right in, sir," said the doctor to Bob, who had his face covered partly with his handkerchief.

"I see yer sign down stairs," said Bob, "and I thought I might get some kinder relief for this terrible pain."

"Certainly, sir—certainly. Let me see your face."

Bob could hardly keep his countenance straight as the professor looked at his face and said:

"Ah, very much swollen. I see immediately what is the matter. Acute neuralgia of the pneumognastic nerve. Yes—yes. We have many such cases. But I think I can cure it."

"He does be all the time complaining, doctor," put in Stuffy, with a very sympathizing face.

"Yes—yes," said the fat man. "Let me see, hem! Two dollars, if you please."

"Is that all?" asked Bob. "Two dollars for taking this dreadful pain away? Well, that is cheap."

"Yes, indeed," said the doctor, wishing inwardly he had said five.

"But yer don't want it beforehand?"

"Well—hem! that is the usual practice, you see. It is a sort of consultation fee, you perceive."

"Very likely. But yer say: 'No cure, no pay,' and that's my motto, old gen'lman."

Thus addressed, there was hardly any way of getting out for the professor; so, with a very bad grace, he commenced operations.

To his great surprise, every time he passed his hand over Bob's cheek, the swelling, instead of going down as it should have done, grew larger.

Stuffy watched the proceedings from a corner of the room, and was ready to split when he saw the bewildered professor's face.

The quack, for that was his real title, pretended to manipulate Bob's face for some time, now pulling him this way and now that, occasionally asking:

"Does that hurt you?"

Bob saw that the time had come to "get."

"Does that hurt you?" asked the puzzled professor, pulling Bob's cheek out a couple of inches.

"Does that hurt you?" demanded Bob, as he landed a hot one on the very tip of the professor's nose, at the same time calling to Stuffy Campbell.

They clambered down stairs as fast as they could for laughing, and were soon away from the neighborhood of the manipulating quack.

CHAPTER VI.

It was rather late that morning when Mr. Robert Short arrived at his place of business, but all the clerks knew that he was in the special confidence of "the old man," and nothing was said to him of the occurrence.

Nor did Bob say anything to any of them of the remarkable discovery he had made; but he could not help looking with great interest at Jackson, whose reputation had been saved by his timely discovery.

It will be gathered, from a remark which Bob made to Stuffy, that Mr. Rufus had done the "square thing" by them; and so at lunch time that day they met by appointment, and reappeared at one o'clock in brand new overcoats.

Now, one of the elder clerks in the store had taken pains to make himself particularly obnoxious to Bob, on account of his great intimacy with Mr. Rufus, and on this particular day he seemed more anxious than ever to display his ill-feeling.

"I tell yer wot, Stuffy," said Bob, at lunch. "we'll git square on dat rooster, ef it takes all our back teeth."

"But how ye goin' ter do it?"

"As they say in the stories, listen! He has the first stand by the door, and has ter answer all questions wot people puts when they come in."

"Yes, well?"

"Do yer know any of the gang as kin come

out as early as eight o'clock ter-morrow mornin'?"

"Of course I do. They does be all up fer their cocktails about that time."

"Well, order them on duty for ter-morrow. And, Stuffy—"

"Well?"

"Put none but Irishmen on guard."

"All right."

The next morning Bob and Stuffy awaited the arrival of Jenkins, the obnoxious clerk, while their bodyguard of eight of "the gang" awaited their orders around the corner.

The moment Jenkins had arrived, Bob and Stuffy hastened away, and performed a little piece of business that will appear presently.

In a moment after, the first of the gang made his appearance at the door of the jeweler's store rubbing his chin.

"What do you want?" demanded Jenkins, eying the new-comer with disdain.

"Once over, in a hurry," said the new-comer.

"What?" shouted Jenkins.

"Bay rum," said the other, preparing to take off his coat.

Jenkins rushed around the corner.

"Get out of here!" he said. "This ain't a barber's; it's a jeweler's."

The young man apologized, and walked out.

Two minutes after two others walked in together.

"You take first turn, Bill," said one, "I'm not in a hurry; I can wait."

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked Jenkins.

"Do for me? Why, shave me, of course."

"Go to the d—I!" screamed Jenkins, white with passion.

Bob and Stuffy took this all in from the other side of the way, but, presently, to their exquisite delight, an old gentleman stopped in front of the door, rubbed his chin reflectively, and walked in.

At a sign from Bob the rest of the gang went in at the same time.

"Why, bless my soul!" said the elderly gentleman, coming to a sudden halt as he saw the trays of watches and rings about to be put in the window. "There is some mistake. I thought this was a barber's shop!"

"Now, then, shave me in a hurry, you, sir!" said one of the gang.

"Are you the only barber here?" demanded another of Jenkins. "You'll never get along that way!"

"Barber's be d—I!" shrieked Jenkins. "This ain't a barber's!"

"Why don't yer take yer sign in, then?" yelled the gang in chorus, and rushing out Jenkins saw to his dismay a brightly-colored barber's pole right by the side of the door.

The joke soon got wind, and from that day poor Jenkins was known as "Tonic" to his brother clerks.

He had his suspicions as to the authors of the affair, but as he could not prove anything, he thought it best to hold his peace. His manner towards Bob, however, changed for the better considerably.

An ingenious instrument—destined to be an instrument of torture—caught Bob's quick eye that very day. He was on his way to the post-office for letters when he saw two old gentlemen standing at the corner of Nassau and Pine streets. One of them produced from his pocket a long speaking-tube, with a mouth-piece at one end, and a small ivory knob at the other. The former end he gravely handed to his friend, while he placed the ivory knob at his own ear. For ten or fifteen minutes they shouted to each other through this, much to the delight of Bob, who saw in this little instrument infinite possibilities of fun.

That very day he bought one, and showed his purchase in triumph to Stuffy.

"I'll tell yer wot's the very place," suggested latter.

"Where?"

"The ferry-boat!"

They laughed uproariously as this idea came into Stuffy's head.

"The ladies' cabin, where all the old fellers goes!" continued the delighted Stuffy.

That afternoon, as luck would have it, Mr. Rufus told Bob that he wanted him to go over to Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, with a parcel.

Bob sent immediately a message to Stuffy, and the two started in high glee.

Arrived at the ferry, Bob took his seat in the middle of the ferry-boat. About fifteen ladies and several gentlemen were his fellow passengers—on either side of him being a fat gentleman of fifty, and a slim maiden lady of about forty.

It was just as the boat was about to start that

Mr. Stuffy Campbell walked in, and affected much surprise at seeing Bob.

The latter shook his hand warmly, and immediately handed his friend the tube, placing his own end to his ear.

"When did you come out?" bawled Stuffy.

"Yesterday," said Bob.

"Does the doctor say you're cured?"

Bob shook his head.

"He can't tell yet, eh?" roared Stuffy.

"No."

"So it's contagious?" yelled Stuffy, through the tube.

Bob glanced around him with a frightened air.

"S-s-s-h!" he said.

"How many of yer took it?"

At this question, the fat old gentleman got up summarily and walked away.

Stuffy took his seat and repeated the question in a tremendous voice.

"Eighteen."

"How many died?"

"Twelve."

Here the maiden lady arose abruptly, and crossed to the other side of the cabin, while several passengers looked daggers at Bob, with a hard work to control the muscles of his face.

"It's a terrible disease!" roared Stuffy again.

"But I don't care."

"Why?"

"I've had it!"

There was a general stampede at this remark, and Bob and Stuffy now had the cabin to themselves, laughing heartily at the success of their joke.

That the tube did other and further service than this, our readers will see anon.

CHAPTER VII.

THE theater again became the scene of Mr. Stuffy's exploits that evening. He had already determined, as he phrased it, to "leave the stage," for Bob had procured him a more lucrative situation in Mr. Rufus's store.

But he determined to signalize his leaving by getting square with two people—one of them the property man, the other his landlady, against whom he had considerable feeling, because she objected to pea-shooters being used against her windows whenever Mr. Stuffy Campbell was locked out at night, which was oftener than it should have been.

The property man had to go on the stage frequently as one of a mob, or one of a delegation of Roman citizens, and Stuffy laid his plans well for that evening. He was to lead a gang of citizens who were to shout in answer to questions from the "star."

Star. Would ye be freemen?

Populace. (led by property-man.) We would—we would.

Star. Would ye be slaves!

Populace. (led by property-man.) We'd die first!

Now, when the property man rushed on this particular evening, he had not rehearsed at all, and as the cues were to be taken from him, the book was given to Stuffy to hold at the wings.

"Would ye be freemen?" shouted the star.

"We'd die first!" roared the property-man and his gang, taking the words from Stuffy.

The actor looked as though he had received a paralytic stroke, for a moment, but after cursing them heartily under his breath, he roared out again:

"Would ye be slaves—ah?"

"We would—we would!" yelled the property-man and his gang.

"Blank—blank your eyes!" shouted the tragedian, in disgust, while the audience roared and stamped with delight.

"Where's that Stuffy?" yelled the property-man, when at last he was released from the stage. "Where is he, till I rip him open."

"He's down at the door, sir," said a sup.

"He is, is he? I'll kill him, — him, I'll kill him!" foamed the property-man. "Here, where's my clothes?"

He had taken up his pantaloons to jump on them as he uttered these words, and in another moment the whole theater behind the scenes was in a roar of laughter.

One of the legs of the property-man's pants had been cut off.

And that's how Mr. Stuffy Campbell "got square" with the property-man, who it used him.

He told this to Bob, with tears of laughter in his eyes, and invited him to come to his room that night to see how he should settle the account with his landlady.

At the appointed time, long after the landlady

gone to bed, the two young conspirators were on hand. They went up stairs to Stuffy's room, and here they waited for at least an hour. "I don't believe the bloke 'll come," said Bob last.

"You bet he'll come," said Stuffy, "or there'll be trouble. He's got the money, an' he won't go back on—"

The words were cut short by a loud ringing of the bell.

Bob and Stuffy kept perfectly quiet, and after several wild pulls at the bell, they heard a noise overhead.

It was the landlady.

Presently they heard the window thrown up, and a shrill voice cried:

"Who's there?"

"Is Mr. Stuffy around?" cried a deep voice below.

"An' who is Misther Stuffy, pray?" demanded the landlady.

"Ah, don't be putting on airs," said the deep voice, despondingly. "Ye know as well as ye know yer own name, shure, who Misther Stuffy is. His last name is Campbell, be the same to us, but the boys, we calls 'm Stuffy!"

"Well, what'd'ye want av him?"

"I want to see'm shure!"

Bob and Stuffy heard the window slammed down, and then they heard the landlady come down stairs to their door.

"Mr. Campbell! Mr. Campbell!" cried she, pounding at the door.

"Halloo!" cried Stuffy, as though he had but just awakened from a sleep. "Who's that?"

"There's a man wants ter see ye, and it must be a matter o' life an' death, ter come at sich a time o' night. Get down and see him, for the love o' God, fer all the neighbors and every wan in the house is waked up by his infernal ringing o' the bell!"

"Oh, tell him to come up!" said Stuffy.

The landlady ran down stairs, opened the door, and said:

"He says ye're to come up."

And then vanished.

Bob and Stuffy listened with all their ears for the first footfall on the stairway.

It came, with a sound that sent them into convulsions of laughter.

Stump!

Pause.

Stump!

Pause.

Stump!

The man had a wooden leg, and it is pretty clear that he had his instructions to make good use of it.

"That the devil's that?" called a lodger on the first floor, as she came out, lighted candle in hand, peering over the balusters. "For the Lord's sake, man, don't wake the childher on me at this time o' night."

"How can I help it, ma'am? Shure, it's me misfortune, not me fault."

Stump!

Pause.

Stump!

Presently the whole landing was covered with lodgers who had come out from their rooms to see what was the matter, and above them all shrieked the shrill voice of the landlady:

"Get out o' this house this minit!" she cried.

"Ye omadhoun to be invadin' a decent woman's house at this time o' night. Get out, I say, and ye's Misther Stuffy Campbell wid ye!"

"But I haven't the rint money in me pocket, ma'am," said Stuffy, showing a hypocritical smile in the doorway.

"Divil a hair I care!" she cried. "Ye've been wakin' out av me pocket long enough, Mister Campbell. So get out this minit!"

"All right. Come along, old beeswax," said Stuffy.

Stump!

Pause.

Stump!

If the wooden leg made a noise going up, how much more did it make going down? Its sound evidently could not be modulated at all, for by the time the three confederates had got to the door, the whole house was up and in arms, and a few of the neighbors had their heads out of their windows to see what this unusual noise in the head of the night meant.

And that is the way Stuffy got square with his landlady.

It was but a couple of days after this that some remarkable pranks Mr. Rufus had been playing determined his family doctor to order him on a sea voyage, believing that that was the only cure for his somnambulism. The old fellow had been in the habit of roaming around the house in his night shirt and knocking at all the

doors, the consequence being an assemblage of the family on the landing place—everyone accusing the other of a practical joke.

This last outrage, repeated frequently, determined the family to get rid of the jeweler, for a time, at any rate, and it was arranged that Bob Short and he should go to Europe.

"Wot's the pay?" demanded Bob.

Mr. Rufus told him it should be exactly double what he had been in the habit of receiving.

"Then it's a go!" said Bob, in a free and easy style. "Send it to der old woman every week, and it'll be all right. Wot's my duties?"

"To attend on me," said the jeweler.

"An' you bet I kin do it," returned the vivacious Bob, as he set out to make the necessary preparations.

CHAPTER VIII.

"It's a queer start, anyway, Stuffy," said Mr. Bob Short, the day after the new arrangement; "but the governor's got ter be cured of this slambulism, or bust."

"An' I wish he'd busted afore he took yer away, old feller," replied the friend. "However, yer'll soon be back; that's one comfort, as the striped bass sed when he took the worm an' left the hook."

"The doctor sez a sea voyage'll do it," continued Bob, "and the ole lady will have me go with him. So now I'm a valley."

"A wot?"

"A valley," replied Bob, tucking his thumb in the armholes of his vest. "A valley is a gentleman's gentleman; none but noblemen has 'em, and sich rich old codgers as Mr. Rufus."

"An' wot's yer duties, Bob?"

"Ter carry the purse, an' keep an eye on the guv'nor."

"Say, Bob, do you know of any other old buffer as has slambulism, or the measles, or St. Vitus's dance, or any other cheerful complaint, as wants a valley? If so, I'm a candidate from now ter sundown on 'lection day."

The steamer by which Mr. Rufus had engaged their passage was one of the North German Lloyd's line, landing at Bremen.

"In the first place," the doctor had said, "the motion of the vessel will prevent his walking in his sleep, for it will soon awake him, and thus gradually lead to a cure. In the next place, the strange sights of a foreign land will give him something to think about, and so alter the tone of his mind. England isn't a foreign land—let him go to Germany, where they speaking a different language."

On the appointed day, therefore, Bob and Rufus were on the deck of the vessel, shouting: "Good-by," to their friends.

The voyage down the bay was magnificent, and Bob began to congratulate himself on the smoothness of the ocean, of whose terrors he had heard so much.

"Ef it's all like this, I'm satisfied," said Bob to himself, as he stood at the head of the companionway.

At that moment a slight roll of the vessel seemed to turn Bob's stomach upside down; he clutched at the hand-rail, made one plunge forward, and quietly slid into the cabin, one step at a time.

"Well, I'm blessed," said he, philosophically addressing the stairs. "You seem ter be bound with brass a purpose to let a feller down quick, you do."

Bob's bunk was over Mr. Rufus, and that night he was awakened by his master, and stood ready dressed before him.

"Bob," said Mr. Rufus, "I think I'll go and take a walk on deck. You needn't disturb yourself."

Bob inwardly cursed his bad luck, but he remembered his instructions and answered, as he got out of his bunk:

"Can't be done."

"What do you mean, Bob?"

"Can't go it alone, old feller. Yer faithful valley's got ter come wid yer."

So saying, he dressed himself, and in a few minutes more they had clambered on deck.

It was a lovely night, and Bob and Mr. Rufus sat talking together for some time. Then they retired together.

It was just after breakfast the next morning that Bob said:

"Well, yer walk on deck didn't spile yer rest nor yer appetite, Mr. Rufus."

"Walk on deck? No, I haven't been on deck this morning yet."

"I mean the midnight walk."

"The midnight walk! Bob, you are jesting!"

Bob Short put up his two hands on his knees and looked the jeweler squarely in the face.

"Well, I am blessed!" he said. "See here, sir. Did yer ever hear tell of a man named Barnum?"

Mr. Rufus laughed.

"Yes. Why?"

"'Cos, ef yer hadn't made yer fortune already, he'd be the boy ter do it fur yer! You an' I was a settin' on deck fur an hour and a half this blessed mornin', or my name ain't Short! Nor Bob, neither. Nor Bob Short. Nor nothin'."

In further conversation it came out that Mr. Rufus remembered everything when he was in a state of somnambulism, but remembered nothing of what had occurred during those periods, after he awoke.

By bearing this in mind, the reader will be furnished with the key to many ludicrous incidents that occurred during Bob's foreign tour, for Mr. Rufus was an entirely different man at such times as he walked in his sleep; he was full of fun and frolic, and more like a boy in his teens than a staid business man.

It was only the third day out when a terrible rumpus was created in the saloon by the statement of one of the passengers that during the night a man had entered his state-room and coolly helped himself to a glass of wine from a decanter on the rack.

"Bless my soul," said Mr. Rufus, innocently; "what sort of a man was he?"

"Well, I should he was a darned thief!"

"But, I mean, how did he look?"

"He was a man of about your own build!" answered the other, very little suspecting that he was talking to the very man who had invaded the privacy of his chamber.

And so it went on. One man would lose a boot, another a razor, a third would have the pillow jerked from under his head; and one memorable morning a lady passenger came to the breakfast table in a high state of excitement, declaring that during the night a fiend in human form had come into her room and undone her curl papers!

This sort of thing could go on no longer, and it was at length agreed that a watch should be kept upon the long cabin every night.

To guard against his master being caught at any such tricks, Bob determined to fasten him to the bed.

"Then yer can't git away widout wakin' up," said the astute Mr. Short.

But that night Mr. Rufus *did* get up, coolly undid the knot, and walked up on deck in—to be precise—his shirt-tail.

As luck would have it, a gale had just commenced to blow, and the captain was on the bridge, spy-glass in hand.

"What the devil is this?" said he, as he saw the fluttering skirts of Mr. Rufus ascending the companion ladder.

"Yo-ho, my hearties!" cried Rufus, putting on a nautical roll which made him look exceedingly funny in his night-shirt. "How does she head?"

"What's the matter with the fellow?" demanded the captain, indignantly. "Get out of here, sir. You're drunk. By the Lord, I'll have to put you in irons!" he exclaimed, passionately.

"You will, eh? Not before I teach you how to steer this ship."

The captain was an Englishman, and of the ruddy complexion peculiar to men who "follow the sea." This last retort nearly made him burst with rage.

"Get down, sir!" he said, gasping with anger.

"Not much, old Turkey cock," answered Rufus, with provoking coolness.

The captain had raised his glass to strike the intruder a thundering blow, when Bob Short rushed forward.

"Hold on, guv'nor!" he cried, seizing the telescope.

"What for?"

"Wot for?" echoed Bob. "Don't yer see the man's asleep?"

CHAPTER IX.

Now the captain of the steamer was himself as fond of a joke as a good-natured seaman always is, and should be. It tried his powers of belief at first to understand that old Rufus was really asleep; but in the moment he had really got this "through his wool," he entered heartily into the spirit of the joke.

"Well, it's too rough weather up here for folks dressed so lightly," he said, roaring with laughter, as he looked at the flapping tails of Rufus's night-shirt. "You just take him down stairs, put him to bed, and in the morning we will see what can be done about it."

This was easier said than done, however, as Bob soon found, for he had but just got his employer to the companion ladder, when the ship gave a lurch, and down went old Rufus, head first.

For the life of him, Bob could not help laughing to see the flapping shirt-tail of the jeweler disappear down the stairs, though he had hard work to maintain his own balance.

But this was not the worst of it.

Midway down the companion-way between the deck and the main saloon was a "galley," or little room, furnished with sofas. Here several ladies, enveloped in shawls and mufflers, had passed the night, being afraid to go to their berths on account of sea-sickness.

With one yell of terror they started up as they saw the scantily-clad figure of a man pitchforked head first into their midst.

Just as the ladies were flying down stairs, Mr. Rufus sat up, rubbing his head and staring around him in a most comical manner.

"Well, guv'nor," said Bob, in the intervals of his laughter, "you've been and gone and done it now. Ef they don't stop the ship an' put us ashore, it ain't any fault o' theirs."

Mr. Rufus was about to reply, but at that instant, feeling rather cool, he glanced down at his attire, and, without another word, bolted into his stateroom.

Two or three of the steward's men, aroused by the screams of the women, came out with lanterns, but Bob had not remained long enough to answer any questions, and the rest of that night was spent in peace.

The next morning the captain sent for Mr. Rufus and Bob to inquire into the cause of the former's strange behavior. At first the jeweler could not believe what had transpired on the hurricane deck, and when it was made clear to him his distress was really very great.

"You scared the women pretty thoroughly," said the captain, laughing. "But the most important thing now is to find some means of curing you of this sad tendency."

"I would give my entire fortune if it could be done," said Rufus, dismally. "I am sure it has caused me misery enough already."

"I tell you what I think would be the best plan," said the captain. "Sleep in the daytime, and be up at night. If you don't, you'll be roaming around the ship one of these nights, and fall overboard."

The captain having given his word that nothing should be said to the passengers about the previous night's performance, it was agreed that Rufus should turn night into day, as suggested.

At the dinner table, that day, the ladies who had been frightened during the night looked from one to the other of the men, without obtaining any clew to the transgressor, but it was noticed that they did not occupy the same position at night any more.

The captain's plan worked admirably for a day or two, during which time Mr. Rufus did not make his appearance on deck in the daytime.

The third day, however, he arose, dressed himself in his best suit, and went on deck.

Meeting Bob half way, he said:

"I think I'll take a turn on deck, Bob. It'll do me good."

"Jes as you say, boss," said Bob, carelessly, little dreaming that at that very moment his master was sound asleep.

The day was fine, and the deck was crowded with passengers. Among them were an elderly lady and her pretty daughter—the latter the belle of the ship, and the object of attraction to at least a dozen young men on board. One young doctor, especially, who wore blue eyeglasses, and was very tall, very pale, and very thin, was smitten with her charms, and was reported to have proposed.

To these two ladies Mr. Rufus advanced, making his best bow.

He had been universally known throughout the ship as a good-natured, kind-hearted gentleman, while Bob had become extremely popular with everybody on board, by reason of his excessive liveliness of disposition.

The young doctor in the blue spectacles was leaning over the young lady as Mr. Rufus came up, and stared rather wildly at him as he began his address to her.

"Miss Phillips," said Rufus, "I have been thinking of marrying."

Bob had followed his master on deck noiselessly, and when he heard these words, he slapped his hand to his thigh and said, emphatically:

"Ef the guv'nor ain't crazy, I'm dashed!"

Not a smile appeared on the jeweler's face as continued:

"Yes, I have been thinking of marrying, miss."

"Well, sir, what has that to do with these ladies?" demanded the young doctor, growing very red in the face.

"A great deal, sir; a very great deal. I have been thinking of marrying Miss Phillips, sir—if she will have me!"

The expression on the young doctor's face as Mr. Rufus uttered these words with great solemnity was so ludicrous that Bob had to burst out laughing.

Mr. Rufus looked around.

"Oh, is that you, Bob? All right; keep around."

"You bet I will," thought Bob. "This here's the queerest start I ever heard tell of, an' it may become necessary ter muzzle you, old fellow, as well as tie you up."

When the jeweler had spoken of her so pointedly, the young lady, not knowing whether to be angry or amused, had turned away. But her mother, seeing in Mr. Rufus a very excellent "catch," said:

"Angelina, my dear, you should be a little more companionable. I am sure Mr. Rufus does you a great honor. He is——"

"Yes, I am, ma'am; quite right," interrupted Rufus, nodding his head. "I am a jeweler, ma'am, and I'm worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, ma'am, and I don't have to wear blue spectacles either, ma'am!"

The young doctor glared at Rufus for a moment, and then made one grand rush for him.

Had the blow he leveled at the jeweler struck him, he would have been awakened then and there in rather an unpleasant manner. But Bob was always on hand, and just as the doctor rushed, Bob rushed, too, the consequence being that Bob's head landed right in the pit of the doctor's stomach, causing his spectacles to dance up and down his forehead at a very lively rate.

"That's right, Bob," chuckled Mr. Rufus, while the poor young man, doubled up with pain, presented such a piteous spectacle that even Miss Phillips herself could not help laughing.

"Come, madame, let us take a turn on deck," said the polite jeweler, and sure enough, giving an arm to each of the ladies, he walked them up and down the quarter-deck for a full half hour—all the time fast asleep.

Mr. Rufus was, as Shakespeare says, "a brisk wooer," and by the time their walk was ended he was the accepted suitor of the young lady!

Perhaps the last few speeches of the couple so queerly engaged may interest my readers:

"And you will always love me, William?"

"Always, dear Angelina!"

"And never get tired of me?"

"Tired of you, sweetest? That would be impossible."

"Nor cross, nor ugly?"

"Never, I swear it!"

There were two persons who overheard this conversation who viewed it in very different lights.

One was the young doctor in blue spectacles; the other was Mr. Robert Short.

"Well, I am dashed," said Bob. "The idea of a married man, with grown up daughters, goin' on like this. I believe he must be crazy. Praps after all, this here slambulism business is only a stall. I'll just look into it."

"The old villain!" muttered the doctor. "And that old harridan, her mother. To think that money could purchase my Angelina's love! But I——"

CHAPTER X.

WHAT the young doctor would do remains to be seen. He didn't finish the sentence just then—he was too excited, for just at the moment when he was about to make a sanguinary threat, the gallant Mr. Rufus actually drew Angelina Phillips to him and kissed her.

The young doctor turned green with jealousy.

He watched the figure of the retiring jeweler, and wished with all his heart that he had him somewhere in a nice, quiet room, all to themselves, where he could pommel him to his hearts' content.

The unsuspecting Mr. Rufus went down to his berth and to his bed—still fast asleep—and woke up late at night, without the faintest idea of what he had been doing during the day.

"Well, Bob," he said, "that's the longest sleep I've had for many a day—twelve good hours."

"How do yer make that out?" demanded Bob.

"Well, I never woke up from the time I went to bed this morning till just now."

Bob looked at him curiously for a moment and whistled.

"You didn't go on deck nor nothin'?"

"Not a foot. Why?"

"Yer didn't speak ter no ladies, eh?"

"Speak to ladies, Bob. Nonsense!"

"You didn't kiss nobody?"

Mr. Rufus was rapidly becoming angry.

"What do you mean, Bob?" he asked. "Remember, I don't care to have any liberties taken with me."

The truth flashed on Bob's mind.

"It's that bloody slambulism," he said, softly.

But he determined to hold his tongue about it, being curious to see how "the thing would turn out," as he phrased it.

The next afternoon Bob took care that his employer should be thoroughly awake before he went on deck.

The two ladies were there, and at a little distance stood the young doctor with the blue spectacles.

Bob chuckled and rubbed his hands at the prospect of a comical meeting, but he said nothing.

Mr. Rufus walked coolly by the little group, raised his hat politely, and passed on.

Mrs. Phillips looked as though she had been paralyzed, while, as for Angelina, she staggered back a pace or two and gasped:

"William—William!"

The young doctor grinned, and as for Bob, the only one in the secret, he was nearly bursting with laughter, though he dared not show it.

"William! William!" cried Angelina, gazing in a melancholy way after the figure of Rufus.

Bob straightened his countenance as much as possible, and ran after the jeweler.

"There's someone a-calin' you," he said.

"Calling me? Who is it, Bob?"

"It's that young lady. She's a-callin' William."

"She can't mean me?" said Rufus, looking over his eye-glasses at the fair form of Angelina.

"But she does, though," chuckled Bob.

"Bless my soul, so she does!" said Mr. Rufus, earnestly, as he turned to see what the young lady meant by her extraordinary conduct.

"I beg your pardon, miss," said the jeweler, coming up to where the ladies stood. "Did you address me?"

The elder lady looked indignant, but Angelina putting on a coaxing look, said:

"Oh, William, how can you?"

Mr. Rufus started as though a pin had been buried in his leg.

"Dear me," he said; "there must be some mistake."

"Mistake, William?" said Angelina, "after yesterday?"

"Why, what about yesterday? Explain yourself, madame," said Rufus, now thoroughly excited.

"You know you promised to love me and never get cross and ugly."

"The devil I did!"

"And we were to be married as soon as the ship arrived."

"Why, madame, I am a married man, and have daughters as big as you!" roared the unfortunate Rufus.

A shriek from Angelina, a string of curses from the young doctor, an uncontrollable fit of laughter from Bob, and the fainting of the young lady in her mother's arms completed the interview.

As for Rufus, he rushed down to his stateroom, locked himself in and was seen no more on deck until the steamer arrived.

CHAPTER XI.

Bob and his master posted from Bremen to Paris as quickly as possible, and it is in the gay capital of France that we have next occasion to find them.

By Bob's advice, Mr. Rufus had gone direct to one of the first physicians.

"If you don't get shut on it pretty soon, it'll be the death of you," said Bob. "Mark my words."

One day, while Mr. Rufus was in attendance on his physician, Bob walked up and down the Boulevard des Italiens, one of the finest in the world, wondering how it was that all the Parisians seemed to take their meals out of door. He stopped at a cafe, in front of which there were about a hundred little marble tables.

"I'll puzzle this feller," thought Bob, as he sat down and rapped on one of the tables.

An imposing-looking waiter, with a white necktie, and a napkin over his shoulder, answered his summons.

"Gimme a cigar an' a gin cocktail, an' make it light," said Bob.

"Vat?" asked the waiter.

Bob repeated his order, but the waiter only said: "Vat?"

"I guess yer don't speak American in dese quarters, do yer?" asked Bob.

"Oh, yes. Mespeak ze English vere well," answered the other.

"I mean American. Don't yer speak American here?"

The tall waiter shook his head.

"Do yer know what a lemon is?"

"Yessare."

"An' sugar?"

"Yessare."

"An' gin?"

"Yessare."

"An' bitters?"

"Bittare? Vat is he, zat bittare?" said the puzzled Frenchman.

"It's a big swelling at the back of your neck," said Bob, laughing.

Presently, however, he went into the cafe, helped himself to the ingredients, mixed two cocktails, and handed one to the waiter.

"Won't yer jine me?" he asked.

The waiter took the other cocktail and watched Bob's procedure. Bob swallowed it without a wink.

"Now, down with it," said Bob. "It ain't absinthe. Down with it, Frenchy!"

The waiter gulped it down just as he had seen Bob do, but with a most comical expression of countenance. Then Bob paid for the drinks and took his seat outside, at the little marble table, waiting for something to turn up.

His love of fun, this time, was destined to get him into trouble.

There were many persons promenading the boulevard, and Bob watched them with a curious eye, on the lookout all the time for something that would furnish him a good laugh.

Presently he saw coming along a very little fat Frenchman, accompanied by his wife, who was the very opposite of her husband in figure, being exceedingly tall, bony and angular.

The contrast between the two was so remarkable that Bob could not help laughing aloud, more especially as the little Frenchman seemed to be getting a severe lecture from his wife.

Every time the lady would scold, the little fat fellow would shrug his shoulders and extend his hand after the true French fashion.

Just as they got opposite to where Bob was seated, that young gentleman arose, walked rapidly up to the Frenchman, and chucking him under the chin, said very pleasantly:

"Aha, you little rogue!"

The astonishment and indignation of the little Frenchman were beyond description, but even those were exceeded by the ludicrous rage of his wife, who looked after the laughing Bob as though she could have eaten him whole.

But Bob's laugh did not last long. He had not gone twenty yards when he ran smack into the arms of a French policeman, dressed in military uniform, with a marvelous cocked hat.

"Sacre!" muttered the gendarme, scowling fiercely, and catching Bob by the collar.

"Oh, he ain't hurt," said Bob, referring to the little Frenchman, who was gesticulating behind him at a furious rate.

But the gendarme thought different, and in another minute began to drag Mr. Robert Short away, followed by the little Frenchman, his tall wife, and a crowd of little boys.

Arrived at the office of the police, the big police man called on the little Frenchman to state his case. This the little Frenchman proceeded to do with such a passionate outpouring of words and gesticulations that even the sober *mairie* who sat at the desk was obliged to laugh.

When the Frenchman arrived at the point when Bob chuckled him under the chin, he imitated the action so grotesquely, that Bob roared.

The result of it was that Bob was committed to prison for the night, and ordered to go before the court in the morning.

"Well," said Mr. Short, as he surveyed the prison arrangements, which were very different from those in America, for the prisoner was allowed to walk the corridor in presence of the policemen in their cocked hats—"well, ef I don't give 'em a taste of American ingenuity, my name ain't Bob Short."

While Bob was thus making up his mind to "get even" with his captors, his employer was faring no better.

He had put up at the Grand Hotel, and had secured a room for Bob on the same floor, so that he should be within call whenever he was wanted.

To his great astonishment, Bob did not make his appearance on this particular evening, and Mr. Rufus was so troubled in mind over the fact

that he could not sleep for some time, and when he did sleep, he hastily got up and dressed himself.

When walking in his sleep, we have seen that Mr. Rufus was entirely another man, having some of the wildest ideas that ever entered mortal brain.

He went into the long corridor of the Grand Hotel, and his first idea was to find Bob. To this end, he went up one side of the corridor and down another, ringing every bell at every door on both sides.

These bells he pulled so violently that the inmates of the different rooms came rushing out in all sorts of costumes, supposing the hotel to be on fire.

No one knew who had rung the bells, for everybody was in such a confusion, and all were so mixed up together, that no one knew what was the matter, and the somnambulist passed for one who had had his bell rung, the same as the rest.

The excitement was at its height when a Frenchman ran violently against the jeweler, in his efforts to escape from a supposed danger, and awoke him.

With a yell that resounded throughout the hotel, the unhappy Rufus plunged into the nearest room whose door was open, and buried his head in the pillows of the bed.

He had scarcely covered his head when a shriek broke from another part of the room, and looking around, Mr. Rufus beheld the well-known features of Miss Angelina Phillips, to whom he had proposed on board the steamer.

"Wretch!" she cried, in the interval of her screams. "What do you do here?"

"N-n-nothing, miss," faintly answered the jeweler. "For God's sake don't scream; it's all right."

"It is not all right, you villain. Help—help!"

"Miss Phillips, I entreat you—"

"You monster. Police! A man in my room."

A crowd of French people, male and female, poured into the room, all talking and gesticulating at the same time, and to them Angelina made her complaint. At first the police were disposed to treat the case lightly, but when Angelina's mother related their experience on board the steamer with the "old wretch," they considered it a serious case, and found it necessary to drag him, too, off to the commissary of police.

"Poor old Rufus' case was far worse than Bob's, for the charge was very serious, and in France the law in such cases is exceedingly strict. But one piece of good was the result of the arrest: to the jeweler's amazement and delight he found Bob coolly walking up and down in the very corridor he himself was brought to.

"Why, Bob!"

"Well, guvener?"

The French policemen stared.

"Aha!" said one. "It is a dangerous gang, I don't not. There are more of them. Perhaps a political plot. Well, we shall see, my fine American birds!"

In the meantime, Bob and Mr. Rufus were talking very earnestly in the corner.

"Yer can jest bet yer boots that it was you as pulled them bells," said Bob, earnestly. "An' ye've got yerself in a fine muss, altogether. Now, there's only one way ter fool 'em."

"How's that, Bob?"

"A little of the Jack Sheppard business."

"What's that?"

"Why, a jimmy—yer haven't got such a little article about yer, have yer?"

"Well, no; I don't usually carry one," said Mr. Rufus, dolefully.

"Well, have you got a four-bladed pen-knife?"

"No; but I've got a knife with a corkscrew in it."

"Yer have?"

"Yes."

"Then gimme yer hand," said Bob, in a whisper, "and fork over the corkscrew."

This was done very quietly, and then Bob unfolded his plan to his employer. Presently they parted for the night.

The French policemen walked up and down the corridor for some time, grounding their muskets on the stone floor at intervals.

Twelve o'clock came, one o'clock and two o'clock, and then, peeping from his end of the corridor, Bob Short could see that both the gendarmes had fallen asleep.

He walked on tip-toe to the compartment where Mr. Rufus sat. The door was unlocked, and he beckoned to the jeweler to come out.

"Now's the time!" whispered Bob. "Be careful, and don't stumble over nothin'."

The jeweler stole cautiously out of the cell, and the two conspirators reached the outer door of the corridor in safety.

"Now for the corkscrew," said Bob, and in another minute he had dexterously picked the lock of the door, and they were in the large room of the *salle de police*.

It was just as Bob had expected. The man who was now at the big desk was not the one who had taken the complaint against himself, but the night officer of the watch.

"Poor fellow," said Bob, aloud, in the hearing of this officer, "I hope he'll come out all right."

The officer looked up.

"Good night, sir," said Bob, bowing very respectfully. "I hope yer'll take care o' my friend inside."

"Ol rite," said the sergeant, who prided himself on his knowledge of the English tongue, and the two Americans passed out together.

Once in the street, they took the nearest fiacre (a little cab made to hold two persons), and were driven rapidly to the Grand Hotel, Mr. Rufus determining to lay his case before the American Consul in the morning.

But he had reckoned without his host this time, for although it was two o'clock in the morning, the hotel was in an uproar. Some of the guests had been too frightened to go to bed again, and besides this, two officers of police were awaiting the arrival of Mr. Rufus, in case he should be discharged by the *mairie*.

One of them who spoke English perfectly, as he thought, approached the jeweler, and said:

"Sare, ve have a warrant for your apprehension. You vill come vith us, I su'pove?"

"A warrant for me?"

"Yes, sare; ze truth."

"And what for?"

"Voila!"

It was a warrant for breach of promise of marriage, against his trial, for which crime he would have to give bail in a large amount.

"What shall I do?" demanded the jeweler.

"Miss Phillips surely is not in earnest in this matter?"

"*Mon Dieu!* Yes, sare."

"Then I shall have to go with you?"

"Me don't doubt, sare?"

And so for the second time that day the unfortunate Mr. Rufus was dragged to the police station.

"Well," said Bob, "of all things in this here world, give me a rest from slambulism."

CHAPTER XII.

MORNING came, and with it the assurance to Mr. Rufus and Bob that everything would be made all right, for a brief visit to the American minister settled that question.

The minister had heard of Mr. Rufus, and the latter gentleman carried about him indisputable proofs of his identity.

"Yes, Mr. Rufus," said Minister Washburne, "I have heard of you, and it seems to me I have heard of one or two of your freaks of somnambulism."

"If you will believe me, sir," began Mr. Rufus.

"And many people have dono so when under the influence of liquor," muttered Bob, aside.

"If you will believe me, sir, this unfortunate tendency is the curse of my life. I know not what to do to cure it."

"Do you remember nothing about this unfortunate promise of marriage?"

"Nothing—absolutely nothing."

The tone and manner in which the jeweler said this were sufficient to convince the minister that he was speaking the truth.

They were so very earnest and emphatic, indeed, that Mr. Washburne burst out laughing.

"Well, I think we can arrange matters," he said, at length. "The best thing you can do is to cross over to London for a few days, and I will give my personal security in the meanwhile that you will return to answer to this charge."

With many thanks for Mr. Washburne's kindness, Mr. Rufus agreed that this was the best thing to do, and imparted that information to Bob.

That very afternoon Bob Short came near getting into more trouble.

He was walking along one of the paths which encircle the public parks, when he was amused to see a little French dandy, about eleven years of age, with a tall hat, gloves, cane, high collar, and other articles of dress to match, walking ahead of him and swinging his cane with all the airs of a man of fifty.

"Well, I'm blessed," thought Bob. "That beats cockfightin'."

He had scarcely thought it, when from the other end of the path there approached a free-and-easy butcher boy, with basket slung over

his arm, and whistling like a young locomotive going up Fourth avenue.

The patrician and the plebeian met, and without a word, the butcher-boy gave the little French dandy a punch in the stomach that doubled him up, and set him to howling in the most dismal manner, while his cane flew one way and his hat another.

The butcher-boy having committed this pleasant little piece of assault and battery, never turned to look at his victim, but came on toward Mr. Robert Short, whistling as blithely as ever.

"I'll make yer whistle the wrong side uv yer mouth for that, young feller," said Bob, and as the butcher boy came up he stopped him.

"Halloo," said Bob.

"*Que diable*," said the butcher boy.

"I'll show yer," said Bob.

"*Mon Dieu*," said the butcher boy.

"What did yer pepper that little fellow for?" demanded Mr. Short, pointing to the little dandy, still doubled up and yelling.

"Not your peesness," replied the butcher boy, who had picked up just enough English to be insulting.

"Then I'll make it me bizness, ye frog-eating coward," retorted Bob, and he landed one on the butcher boy's eye that landed him on the pathway.

Such a yelling as that butcher boy gave vent to when he found his eye in contact with the stout American fist of Bob Short, was never heard in the region of that part before. To translate some of the butcher boy's expletives, they were:

"Bloody English! Eater of dirt! D—d English! Sausage eater! Raw beef bolter!"

"Don't yer make no mistake," said Mr. Short very solemnly. "I'm not English, I'm a citizen uv the State uv New York, County uv New York and City uv New York, U. S., which means, you sucker, now come for me."

He threw himself into fighting attitude as he spoke, and sparred up and down and all around the butcher boy, until that young gentleman felt that all the stars on the American flag were before his eyes, and all its stripes upon his face and neck.

The contest was of brief duration, and at its close, Bob walked off triumphant, having as a last compliment to his adversary, kicked his basket into the street, and spread all its contents over the sidewalk.

The little French dandy was waiting for him. He had picked up his hat and cane, and now presented a very decent appearance. To Bob's surprise he spoke English very well.

"Well, yer had a pretty bad time av it," said Bob.

"Yes; he heet me in ze stomach, ven I do nothing," replied the little Frenchman. "I am so much oblige to you."

"Oh, that's all right."

"I vant you come an' see me."

"All right; where?"

The little dandy produced his card from a perfumed card-case, and handed it to Bob. It read:

"LE MARQUIS DE CARRIXOLI,
Rue de Rivoli, No. 12."

"Well, this is pretty high-toned," said Bob; "but I'll call, anyway."

"Yes, do, sare," said the little nobleman. "I vill show you to my father and my seesters."

"How old are they?" demanded Mr. Short.

"He is seexty."

"An' wot's his name?"

"His name? Le duc de Brentano."

"You jes' say ter the dook that I'll be there," replied Bob, as he walked carelessly away.

Continuing his walk, and wondering where he should next meet some one who spoke English, Bob suddenly came across a flaring announcement in front of a ginger-bread-looking structure, reading thus:

ENGLISH WAX-WORKS.

Step in and examine.

Ten sous admission, and no charges for Reserved Seats.

All the Celebrities of Ancient and Modern History! The only True and Original English Wax Works ever exhibited in Paris!

"Ten sou's," thought Bob. "That ain't much. I'll try it."

There was a death-like stillness about the place,

and Bob felt at first as though he had entered a grave-yard.

On one side of him was a row of warriors, on the other a row of statesmen, while at the further end of the room were the sleeping beauty, an old man in wax who offered everybody his snuff-box by a mechanical motion, and the "Chamber of Horrors."

Every figure was ticketed at its base, and these tickets were numbered to correspond with a catalogue sold at the door.

Bob bought a catalogue and went the rounds of the show.

"Number 12—Napoleon. Oh, I've seen you before, my man! Number 13—Sleepin' Beauty. Ah, you are a beauty, ef only yer wasn't wax."

Bob stopped some moments before the figure of the Sleeping Beauty, watching the respiration which art had made so life-like. Then he turned to number 14—A Dwarf.

"Why, there ain't no dwarf there," said Bob, seeing that the place was vacant and only the ticket remained.

Then a bright idea struck him.

He hastily hid his hat under Napoleon's arm, and sat down just over the ticket number 14, conforming his countenance as much as possible, and putting on a hideous expression of face.

"They oughter have me in the Chamber of Horrors," said Bob to himself, as he sniggered at the queer face he must present to his visitors.

Presently two ladies came in accompanied by an elderly gentleman. They came from one statue to another, examining them and comparing them with the numbers on their catalogues.

"Napoleon. Ah, how life-like," said one of the ladies in English—they were evidently visitors to Paris. "He was a great man. And what is this? Number 14—a dwarf! What a hideous-looking little creature."

Bob managed to keep a straight face for the moment, and the gentleman turned to his catalogue.

"Dear me! How very natural," he said. "Maria, just look at the little fellow's trousers. You would think they were real cloth."

"So you would—so you would."

"What an ugly-looking little wretch," said the other lady.

"Ye're a beauty yerself, I must say," thought Bob, striving hard to keep his countenance.

"I wonder where he came from," suggested the gentleman.

"From New York city!" yelled Bob, jumping up all of a sudden and making a bolt for the door, leaving the two ladies reclining, one on the sleeping beauty, the other in the arms of Napoleon the first, and the gentleman chattering to himself with the volubility of a monkey.

"I guess I did what the song-and-dance man did," said Bob to himself. "I paralyzed 'em."

In the *Paris Evening Journal* of that night there was a long account of the coming to life of a dwarf in the English wax-works show, describing its terrible effects upon two ladies and a gentleman then present, the effect of which article was to crowd the wax works day by day.

But the only trace of Bob's adventure was his hat, which was found tucked under the arm of Napoleon, in the most natural manner possible.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE experiences of Mr. Rufus and Bob in Paris came to an end for the time being, with the wax-work adventure, and the day after they took the Boulogne packet for Dover.

To Bob's great delight, the jeweler seemed to have got over his unfortunate infirmity, and the passage was accomplished without any remarkable event occurring.

We will take this opportunity, therefore, of returning to New York—which we can do on paper in less time than the proverbial three shakes of a lamb's tail—to see how Mr. Stuffy Campbell is getting on.

After Stuffy's engagement as call boy had terminated, he had one day sauntered up the Bowery, when he caught sight of a sign:

"H. DOREMUS, VENTRILOQUIST."

Going up to the sanctum of Mr. Doremus, he found that easy lessons in the art were given at very moderate rates.

"I'm bound to do suthin' for a livin'," said Stuffy, "an' I thought I might as well be a 'trilquist as anythin' else."

The professor gave him a few lessons, and to his astonishment and delight found that Stuffy was a natural-born ventriloquist. A very few days of instruction brought that young gentle-

man to such a pitch of perfection that other ventriloquists of years of practice might have been glad to exchange powers with him.

Stuffy's first essay at ventriloquism was on the scene of his former exploits. He carefully chose a seat in the front row of the theater. The play was "Rosedale," with Lester Wallack in the principal character, for, strangely enough, this favorite actor started in the Bowery, and was always a great favorite there.

The great gipsy scene came on, and Stuffy watched his opportunity. There was a fat old gentleman sitting five seats from him, and upon this old gentleman the young rascal determined to saddle the responsibility.

Those who have seen "Rosedale" will remember that in it Mr. Wallack sings a song which has become famous, commencing:

"I see three p'leecemen on the Strand,
Luddy, fuddy, hip faluddy heigho!
I see three p'leecemen on the Strand,
And I knew they had a chase on hand,
Luddy, fuddy, hip faluddy heigho!"

At the close of this verse the audience was astonished to hear, apparently from the lips of the old gentleman:

"Luddy, fuddy, hip faluddy heigho!"

An angry hiss arose from those around the fat old gentleman.

"S-s-s-s-h!! Shut up, can't ye?" was heard from every side.

The fat old gentleman glared around him at his persecutors, in dismay.

"It wasn't me!" he gasped.

"S-s-s-s-h!" was the only answer, and hardly had it died away when the chorus was once more given out, right in the middle of the song:

"Luddy, fuddy, hip faluddy heigho!"

Mr. Wallack stopped in the middle of the second verse, and everybody in the parquette turned around to see who had thus twice interrupted the play.

In another minute the fat old gentleman was collared by the officer in plain clothes who was appointed to keep order in the orchestra seats, and despite his protestations was dragged ignominiously away. Even as he was boosted out of the door the audience were scandalized to hear him (apparently) repeat, in a half-whisper:

"Luddy, fuddy, hip faluddy heigho!"

Stuffy, satisfied that he really was a ventriloquist, returned to his tutor with an account of his first performance in public, which so delighted Mr. Doremus that he hit upon a grand idea.

"I tell you what, Stuffy," he said, "we'll go to Europe."

"To Urup?"

"Yes, and I'll announce you as the 'Great American Boy Ventriloquist,' and you shall play before all the crowned heads."

"Yer kin jest bet yer boots that I'm the boy fer de crowned heads," answered Stuffy.

And so it was arranged that the great American boy ventriloquist should go to London. But Stuffy wanted a little practice before he ventured before the crowned heads, so he turned his natural ability to advantage wherever he got a chance. One day, entering a Fifth avenue stage at the ferry, he found that the stage was quite full. There was just room enough for him to hold on to the straps, and this he did, in a very uncomfortable position. The day was rainy, and right by the side of Stuffy sat a big man in a big shaggy ulster, carrying a carpet bag. A dozen exclamations came from the passengers as this man got in, for he had passed roughly along over boots and gaiters and deposited his carpet-bag on the feet of a lady passenger.

No sooner had this been done, to the indignation of all but the amusement of "Stuffy," than

"Wee-e-e!" came from the carpet-bag.

"Halloo! What's that?" asked Stuffy, looking around inquiringly.

"A pig in the carpet-bag," called a man in the corner.

"That's a lie!" said the big man in the shaggy coat.

"Wee-e-e—ooh—ooh—wee-e-e!" from the carpet-bag.

"Throw it out!" said the man in the corner. "It's a shame."

"That's so, boss," said Stuffy. "There ain't too much room here for human bain's, let alone pigs."

"There ain't any pigs there," roared the man

in the shaggy coat. "Them's my underclothes, I tell you. There ain't any pigs there."

"Wee-e-e!"

"That's live pork, or I'm a Dutchman," said Stuffy. "Pitch it out."

"Let 'em try it," roared the man in the shaggy coat. "Who's a-goin' to do it?"

"Wee-e-e! Oh—ooh—wee-e!"

"Gentlemen, this is outrageous," said the man in the corner. "You had better leave the stage, with your hog, you brute."

"That's so," chimed in Stuffy.

"Stop the stage and let me out," cried one of the ladies.

"I tell you, ma'am, I hain't got no pig in the bag," growled the man with the shaggy coat. "I'll bet ten dollars on it. It's under one of the seats, maybe."

This suggestion caused a general commotion on the part of the ladies, one of whom manifested alarming symptoms of faintness.

Just at this juncture, Stuffy stopped the stage, and singularly enough, as he got out an extraordinarily loud squeak caused the ladies to scream louder than ever.

When he got on the corner, however, his friend Doremus, who was inside the stage, said:

"Oh, you needn't alarm yourselves, ladies; there is no pig here. It was that young man who did it. He is the great American boy ventriloquist."

"The devil!" ejaculated the man in the shaggy coat.

"No; not exactly. But a very close relation, I should judge."

In this way Mr. Stuffy Campbell improved upon his natural gifts in the way of ventriloquism, and prepared himself to appear before the crowned heads of Europe.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE time for Mr. Rufus's trial for breach of promise of marriage drew near, and as his word was pledged to Mr. Washburne, he and Bob Short hurried back to Paris to be prepared for the case.

Bob, by this time, had every reason to believe that Mr. Rufus was cured of his unfortunate habit, as nothing had occurred in London to bring them into trouble.

It remained for the opening of the great case, however, to disclose one of the most startling cases of somnambulism ever known.

In France the proceedings of the highest courts are very different from those in America, for the presiding judge acts in all cases as the examiner of the witnesses and the accused.

The trial of Mr. Rufus made a great sensation in Paris, and everybody who could speak English, and many hundreds who could not, went to hear it. The comic papers were full of it, representing Mr. Rufus as an old bald-headed rascal, who had trifled with the affections of one of the most beautiful creatures in the world.

Miss Angelina Phillips was the first witness. She testified to the proposition of marriage and to the kiss, and to the subsequent cool behavior of the defendant. Her appearance in court created much amusement, and the gallant Frenchmen were surprised to find that she was not the gushing young thing that she had been represented.

Her mother corroborated her evidence, and so did the young doctor in spectacles. Then came the evidence of the servants at the Grand Hotel, who had seen Mr. Rufus bolt into the lady's room.

This was received with screams of laughter, and closed the case for the prosecution.

It had been noticed throughout the day that Mr. Rufus was exceedingly nervous and much worried at the notoriety the suit had brought him, and that night he did not get a wink of sleep.

The first witness the second day was Mr. Robert Short. On taking the stand the following conversation between the judge and the witness occurred:

"Your name?"

"Bob Short."

"Where do you live?"

"City of New York, U. S.—Fourth Ward."

"What?"

"Fourth Ward," answered Bob, with a twinkle in his eye.

A discussion hereupon arose between the prosecuting counsel, the judge and other dignitaries regarding the "Fourth Ward." It seemed to be a matter of some importance, but ultimately it was passed by and the examination continued:

"Do you know the prisoner?"

"You bet."

Another long and earnest conversation ensued after this, it not being exactly the form of answer that was expected.

"You are the servant of the accused?"

"What are yer giving me?" demanded Bob, with some indignation. "I am his valley, I am; his travelin' companion."

This answer being interpreted to the court, caused a roar of laughter.

"Well, at all events you were witness to the occurrence the prosecution has sworn to?"

"I was."

This answer created a storm of buzzing and surprise.

"Then you admit that everything that has been said in this case, against your own employer, is true?"

"I do."

Mr. Rufus jumped from his seat and glared angrily at Bob, but that gentleman took matters very coolly.

"Did you see the kiss?"

"I did," replied Bob, grinning.

"You're a liar!" roared Mr. Rufus, amid shouts of laughter from the audience. But Bob took no notice of the interruption, and continued:

"Uv course I seed 'im kiss her, an' she seemed to like it pretty well."

(Frowns on the fair Angelina's face.)

"But all the time he was a-kissin' her, he was asleep."

Here a perfect roar of laughter broke from the court, and the president found it necessary to rap vigorously for order.

Bob went on to testify that Mr. Rufus had been subject to attacks of "slambulism" (which the Frenchman found it very hard to translate) ever since he had known him, and related the circumstances well known to our readers.

Following this evidence came the testimony of the captain of the steamship, who had found Mr. Rufus on the hurricane deck in his undershirt.

The trial closed for the day, and all that night Mr. Rufus remained awake with anxiety. Towards morning, however, he fell into a doze, and when he appeared in court that day, he was sound asleep, though apparently as wide awake as ever.

It will be remembered that the jeweler was perfectly conscious, when asleep, of everything that had transpired while he was awake, and the reader, therefore, will not be surprised at what now occurred.

"Put the accused on the stand," said the president.

Mr. Rufus took the witness stand in a lively manner, and bowed to the judge and spectators as briskly as though wide awake.

"Your name?"

"William Rufus."

"Business?"

"Jeweler."

"Residence?"

"New York city."

"What have you to say against the accusation you have appeared to answer?"

"Nothing."

Murmurs of surprise.

"Did you promise marriage to this young lady?"

"Certainly I did."

"And you were not asleep when you did it?"

"Certainly not. Bob Short is the biggest liar unhung."

Bob looked up at his master, and one glance sufficed to show him what was the matter.

"Well, I am blowed!" said Bob. "This is the biggest lark I ever seen. 'Ef the guv'nor ain't asleep, I am, that's sure."

A great many indignant glances were cast at Bob by the people in his vicinity, but that young gentleman did not appear to take much notice of them. On one very pretty girl who looked daggers at him, he bestowed a patronizing wink, and immediately resumed his study of Mr. Rufus.

"Well, this is very extraordinary!" said the president, gravely. "You admit the promise to marry?"

"Certainly."

"Then why did you break it?"

"I haven't broken it. I am willing to marry her. I love her—I adore her! She is the star of my existence!"

Here, amid shouts of laughter, the jeweler turned to where Angelina sat, and placed his hand upon his heart in a most pathetic manner.

Bob could contain himself no longer. He leaned back and gave vent to a roar of laughter that he could not control.

But this laughter speedily gave way to surprise when a loud voice, apparently right behind the judge, called out, in English:

"The old villain!"

Everybody looked at the judge for an explanation, and the judge himself looked behind him to find out who had uttered the remark.

No one was there.

"He's a married man now!" repeated the voice; and at this second remark the whole court-room rose to see who could be the intruder.

At the height of the excitement, Bob Short felt himself tapped on the shoulder from behind.

At the same time a voice whispered:

"Bob!"

Bob looked behind, and to his utter amazement recognized in the fashionably-dressed young gentleman who had spoken, his old friend Stuffy Campbell.

"Hush!" whispered Stuffy, seeing that Bob was about to speak. "Not a word. I'm on a new lay. I'm a ventriloquist, I am, an' that was me a talkin' behind the old feller's chair."

"Nonsense!"

"Fact. Listen!"

"He's a reg'lar old snoozer!" repeated the voice again, whereupon Bob and Stuffy went off into such a paroxysms of laughter that the whole court-room had to join in.

A strict search was now made all over the court-room, but no signs of anybody who had interrupted the proceedings could be discovered.

At length the judge ordered the testimony to go on, threatening that if another interruption occurred he would punish everybody in court.

"Ah, shut up yer head!" sounded from the witness-box, and in an instant the judge arose and directed the gendarmes to take the poor jeweler into custody.

He was about to be hustled off the witness-stand, when the voice, apparently proceeding from the judge himself, cried:

"Stop."

The gendarmes stopped and looked towards the judge, who was literally paralyzed by this last insult.

"Go on, I tell you," he screamed. "Take him away!"

The judge's face was purple with indignation, and he waved his hand wildly.

But hardly had he got the words out of his mouth, and the policemen were about again to lay hands on the jeweler, when the voice again shouted:

"Let him go, I say."

Although these words were spoken in English, the police officers seemed to understand that it was a command to let the prisoner go, and they did so.

But before the judge could give expression to his rage, Bob Short whispered to Stuffy not to interrupt any more, and arose to address the court.

"Ef yer honor pleases," began Bob, in the American fashion, "I'll tell this here honorable court wot's the matter."

These words being interpreted to the judge, he desired Bob to proceed, which he did.

"This pris'nor, as yer calls him, is as innercent as a duv; leastways, he's as innercent as a chick'n."

"Proceed, sir," said the judge, angrily.

"Wot I said on my examination was true," continued Bob. "He proposed to the young lady when he was asleep, and what's more, he's asleep now."

A universal movement of surprise was the result of this bold remark.

The judge looked incredulous, and the spectators amazed.

"Can this be true?" demanded the president.

"I say it is true, and the only way ter save him is to prove it," said Bob.

CHAPTER XIV.

It may readily be imagined that Bob Short's statement that Mr. Rufus was even then asleep caused the audience which filled the courtroom the utmost surprise.

All sorts of ejaculations were heard around the court-room, and the judge, who had already been the victim of Stuffy's ventriloquism, began to think that this was another grim joke perpetrated upon him.

"Well, sir," he at length said, "this is a most extraordinary statement, that a man should give testimony in this way, and all the time be asleep."

"Ef it ain't true, I'll buy the beer!" yelled Bob, forgetting at the moment that he was in a court of justice.

The judge was not exactly disposed to accept this novel proposition, but he immediately descended from the tribunal and walked towards the defendant.

Mr. Rufus eyed him lazily, and Bob Short saw by his appearance that he was about to wake up. Indeed, at the moment when the judge approached him, the jeweler gave a sudden start, opened his eyes wider than before, rubbed them, and stared about the court-room in a most hideous manner.

"*Sacriste!*" cried the judge.

"The Englishman has awakened!" cried a hundred voices.

"It's all right, guv'nor," sang out Bob Short's voice above the rest. "Ye've had a good nap this time, anyhow."

"What does this mean?" demanded poor Rufus, bewildered.

The whole matter was explained to him, and if ever there was an astonished man, it was William Rufus at that moment.

But what of Angelina Phillips? She had been promised marriage, she had been jilted, she had brought suit and had been promised marriage again, and now that the rich jeweler seemed within her grasp, it turned out literally to be all a dream.

She gasped, and she fainted, and then there was another scene.

It ended, however, in the judge being convinced of the truth of Bob Short's story; and the jeweler was discharged.

Outside the court-room, Bob made Stuffy Campbell known to his employer again, and all three entered a cab and were driven to the Grand Hotel.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Bob," said Mr. Rufus, that afternoon. "We have gone through considerable tribulations here, and I propose we celebrate the occasion by having our portraits taken."

"Jes' you say, judge," returned Bob, winking at Stuffy, who saw at once an opportunity for fun in the proposition.

That afternoon they went to a little photographer's up four pair of stairs in a by-street. Mr. Rufus had not been made acquainted with Stuffy's powers of ventriloquism, and was surprised to hear, as he entered the stairway a voice calling to him in English:

"Hey! you sir! What do you want here?"

Mr. Rufus looked up astonished, but could see no one.

"D'ye hear?" came the voice.

"Well, we have come to have our portraits taken," answered Mr. Rufus, looking up.

"And a fine old portrait you'll take, I must say," answered the voice. "A big duffer like you."

"A big duffer. I must say you're very complimentary!" called the outraged Rufus.

"You're a liar, whoever you are!" cried Stuffy, pretending to be indignant.

"Has the old bloot got the price of a picture with him?" asked the voice. "Oh, Lord, look at that mouth to take a portrait of. Why, it is as big as a parish oven."

Mr. Rufus was naturally very indignant, but all his indignation amounted to nothing, for on reaching the landing no trace of the insulting person could be found.

"Dear me!" said the jeweler, "that's very strange. I'm sure I'm wide awake this time."

"Shut up that big mouth!" growled the voice, right under his ear.

Rufus turned round, but not a trace of anybody could be found.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, wiping the cold perspiration from his forehead. "I can't have my photograph taken here. Really, it has made me quite nervous."

But Stuffy and Bob so far prevailed upon him that he presently took his seat in front of the camera.

The operator was a Frenchman, and very nervous and excitable. Bob and Stuffy took their seats at each side of Mr. Rufus, and awaited the fixing of the camera, Bob grinning from ear to ear, but Stuffy keeping a very solemn countenance, which made Bob laugh more than ever.

"Now, zen," said the artist, who spoke a little English, "keep yourself perfectly steel!"

"All right, old Fireworks," came from Mr. Rufus, apparently in such a droll tone that Bob began to laugh, and the artist threw up his hands in despair.

"Vat is dat—Olt Firework, eh?" he said, looking sternly at the jeweler.

"I didn't speak, sir," said Rufus, mildly, putting on his best smile.

The operator again took the cover off the camera.

"Now, zen," he said.

"What d'ye say?" said Rufus, apparently.

"You really muss keep perfectly steel, sare," said the Frenchman.

"Do keep still, sir," said the hypocritical Stuffy.

"Why, what am I doing?" asked Rufus, looking around in astonishment.

Again the photographer tried it, and just in the middle of the sitting Stuffy made Mr. Rufus say:

"Oh, Lord! my foot's asleep," in such a droll way that Bob screeched with laughter, while the excitable Frenchman danced and swore about the place, shaking his fists at the three of them.

"Here, I tell you wot it is," said Stuffy, at length. "Let Mr. Rufus have his picture took by hisself. Bob, you're always puttin' every one out."

This being agreed to, the jeweler seated himself in front of the camera with a very stolid expression of face. The moment the lid of the camera was taken off, Stuffy, imitating the Frenchman's accent, and throwing his voice in his direction, said:

"Zat vill do, sare."

Of course Mr. Rufus got up, and of course the little Frenchman began to dance and rave.

"*Sacriste!*" he cried. "Vat for you get up?"

"Why, you told me that would do," answered Rufus.

"You lie, you brute Inglesman! I never say a vort. You are one sweendlare—a tief!"

"You're a liar yourself!" shouted Rufus, throwing off his coat and making a dive for the Frenchman, thereby throwing down the camera and strewing several photographic instruments over the room. "Come on, ye frog-eating Frenchman!"

With this, Mr. Rufus threw himself into a posture for fighting, and made a vicious lunge at the operator.

The Frenchman dodged it, but in doing so caught his foot in the drapery of the apartment, and tore down a whole screen, disclosing no less a person than his wife, peeling the potatoes for dinner. She, seeing that there was trouble in the wind, threw herself between the combatants, and screeched for the police. In the meantime Bob had dexterously given the Frenchman "the foot" and had sent him sprawling.

The three Americans then made a rush for the door as fast as they could, Bob laughing so much that he could hardly reach the landing. On the floor below they met two gendarmes coming up the stairs at full run.

"You'd better get up there right away," said Bob, pointing to the photographer's floor, "or else there'll be murder."

At the same instant a scream was heard, apparently on the next floor, and the policemen hurried in its direction.

When our three friends gained the street, Bob looked at Stuffy, quizzically.

"Who was that screamed?" he asked of Stuffy.

"Some poor woman bein' killed, I'm afeard," grinned the other. "But, Bob, there's lots of fun in this when we gets to London; so don't yer on no account whatsoever give it a wee."

CHAPTER XV.

It wouldn't do to let Mr. Rufus know of Stuffy's dangerous accomplishments as a ventriloquist, and so, for the present at least, he remained in ignorance of the extraordinary scenes in the court-room. The voyage across the channel was, as usual, very rough, and Bob and Stuffy had several opportunities of fun and frolic on board the little steamer.

At last they were safely housed at Dover, one of the snuggest of English towns, and one which is noted for its cosy inns. They all put up at one of these, and retired to sleep off the fatigues of the journey.

Bob was up bright and early next morning, and in the coffee-room. The only other occupant was a red-faced, full-stomached Englishman, with whom Mr. Short had already established intimate relations.

They were talking about the price of living, a favorite topic with Britishers.

"W'y," said the Englishman, "h'everything is cheaper 'ere. Look at what ye can buy for a bob."

"What's a bob?"

"W'y, a shillin'. Ye can buy a loaf of bread, a pound o' cheese, a quart o' beer, a postage-stamp, and a ticket to the theayter."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Bob. "I know a place in the Bowery where yer can go in, have yer supper an' a game of billiards; go to bed in a clean bed on der first floor, git up an' git shaved, an' have yer boots blacked, git breakfast, and read all the mornin' papers—all fur thirteen cents."

"Nonsense!"

"No nonsense at all," replied Bob; "an' if you're goin' to Brooklyn or Jersey City, they'll shove in a ferry-ticket."

"Well, I must say that's very cheap, ye know," replied Bob's new friend.

"Yes; it's all on account of havin' so much machinery," said Mr. Short. "Almost everything is done by machinery, from gittin' married ter hangin'."

"Do they 'ang 'em by machinery?"

"Certainly they do, er else they'd never be through. Yer see, there's so many murders and highway robberies on horseback on Broadway, that they have ter string a dozen up together, or the sheriff wouldn't have time to get a bit ter eat."

"Does he h'eat by machinery, too?" asked John Bull, laughing.

"Why, no; but something he eats is made by machinery."

"Really?"

"Why, certainly," said Bob. "There's a place in Connecticut where they make machines to manufactur' nutmegs."

"Get out."

"Fact. Why, yer puts a tree in der machine, then turn a crank, and the trunk uv der tree comes out all bacon, hams, and tongue; der large branches, clocks an' nutmegs, an' der balance is made inter cucumber-seeds, Brandreth's pills, buchu, an' ladies' bustles!"

"That must be a great machine, my young friend," said the Englishman. "We can't do that h'over 'ere, yer know."

"No, course ye can't. But this here machine I vos tellin' about ain't a patch on the machine fur eatin' shad."

"The 'ell you say?"

"Yes, they jest put the machine in the mouth, an' the shad in the hopper, turn the crank, the meat goes down and the bones flies out. I like ter got killed with one of 'em."

"Ow was that?"

"Yer see," said Bob, "I'm left-handed, an' I puts the machine in my mouth an' turned the crank the wrong way. Consequence was, bones went down my throat, and the meat flew out!"

Bob related this extraordinary adventure so soberly that the Englishman didn't like to ask any more questions. Bob went out for a stroll shortly after this, and came back to breakfast, to find his new friend seated before an immense round of cold beef, flanked by a pot of porter and a jar of pickles.

"Well, you look as though you was able ter sit up," said Bob.

"Yes," replied the Englishman; "I thought I'd peck a bit, yer know. Ye cawn't get along without h'eatin', yer know."

Bob nodded approvingly.

"Might I ask w'ot business you're h'in?" asked the other, after a pause, with his mouthful of beef.

"I'm a walley," answered Bob.

"To the h'old gent h'up stairs?"

"Yes."

"Does 'e h'ever do anything in my way?" asked the Englishman.

"Wot is your way?"

"'Osses."

"Breedin' 'em?"

"No; bettin' on 'em. An' I tell yer, there's a 'eap o' money to be made h'out of it, h'if yer h'only bet h'on the right 'oss, yer know. That's h'everything."

"An' so yer a good judge o' horses?" asked Bob of the Englishman.

"Vell, I vos bred h'up among 'em," said the other. "H'I knows a 'oss by his h'eye."

"By his what?"

"His h'eye. The h'eye in his 'ead, you know."

"Oh!"

"Yes, and h'I tell yer there's nothing like readin' about 'osses, neither. Why, there's them story-books and papers, and wot not—h'all they've got in 'em is lies—things wot never 'appened, yer know. But h'I likes to read h'about 'osses. Yes, gi' me *Bell's Life* an' the 'Newgate Calendar' for my readin'."

"Well, you look as though you would enjoy them," said Bob.

Just at this moment Mr. Stuffy Campbell entered the room. Bob managed to give him a wink full of meaning before the Englishman had turned around, and continued:

"By-the-way, here's a friend o' mine—Mr. Campbell, uv New York."

The Englishman nodded, and asked him what he would have, at the same time pulling the bell.

Stuffy said that he would take a glass of ale, and sat down.

"How's your uncle?" asked Bob, affectionately winking at Stuffy.

"Oh, about the same."

"I hope my friend here did not annoy him much last night?"

The Englishman was exceedingly surprised, but not half so much as at Stuffy's answer.

"Yes, he did. He annoyed him fearfully, an' the gov'nor says he'll be cussed ef he stands it any longer."

"Why, bless my soul! wot's that?" asked the Britisher.

"Why, your goin' to his door and knockin' at it as though the house wos a-fire," said Bob, again winking at Stuffy.

"Yes, he says you're crazy, an' he's sorry for yer, or he'd put a hole in that big stummick ov yours," said Stuffy, with an earnest expression.

"Me!" exclaimed the Englishman, with such a horrified expression of countenance that Bob went off in a fit of laughter.

"Yes, you," returned the immovable Stuffy, "an' wot's more, he come very nigh doin' it this blessed mornin', only the doctor said he wasn't to excite himself."

"Come and see him—come and see him," roared the Englishman, jumping up, and leading the way up stairs.

"Hold on there," said Stuffy. "I'll take yer to his room ef you'll ask him the question outside. I told yer the doctor said he wasn't ter be excited."

This the Englishman agreed to, and Stuffy pitched on room 23, which he knew to be empty, while his victim listened intently.

"Uncle Sam!" said Stuffy, gently.

"Well, what now?" came from the inside, very gruffly, as though the speaker's head was half under the bedclothes.

"He's very crusty this mornin'," whispered Stuffy. "It's losin' his rest, along o' your prowlin' around!"

"Here's the gen'l'man who knocked at your door in the night."

"I didn't, sir!" said the Englishman, over Stuffy's head. "It's a bloody lie; h'I didn't!"

"Yes you did, you big-headed Britisher," replied the voice. "For two pins I'd come out and dust your jacket for you."

"You would, eh?" returned the angry Englishman, getting red and excited. "Jest come an' try it, yer know; yer cawn't do it, yer know, nor h'any other of yer blawsted kentry!"

"Get out, Johnny Bull! I'd lick half-a-dozen sich as you before breakfast!"

"Yer a liar; yer a blamed liar!" yelled the Englishman, now thoroughly excited.

"Git out, you English puppy," growled the voice, "or I'll put a bullet through ye."

"Come out an' fight with yer fists, ye blawsted Yankee! Come out h'English fashion."

"Go to the devil!"

"Let me come h'in, I say!" roared John Bull, pushing the door out of Stuff's hands. The latter made a pretense of holding it for a moment, but the burly Englishman's blood was up, and he would go in.

"No violence now," was the last remark Stuffy made, and in another moment he and Bob were scampering down stairs, hardly able to see for laughing, while the Englishman with clenched fists and blazing eyes stood aghast—in an empty room.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE mail train to London took our three friends that night, and here, on the first night of their arrival, occurred, perhaps, the most comical incident of their whole career.

The life-guards of London are noted for their immense size. None of the members of the regiment are under six feet in height, and many of them measure much more. They are clad in scarlet and gold uniforms, and "mount guard" regularly at the entrance to the war-office.

It was here that Bob and Stuffy first made the acquaintance of these brilliant soldiers—brilliant only in dress, for they never go abroad on service, and their prowess is therefore not yet decided on the battle-field.

A lazy-looking young officer was leaning out of the second story window of the barracks as our young friends arrived on the scene. He was giving some directions to a gigantic soldier in the courtyard beneath.

Presently he retired, leaving the soldier still walking in front of his room.

"Say, Bob," said Mr. Campbell, "let's see ef we can't fool the big feller."

"How yer goin' ter do it?" demanded Bob.

For an answer Stuffy threw his voice in the

direction of the window where the young officer had disappeared, and called out:

"Halt, there!"

Immediately the big soldier turned on his heel, saluted, and awaited orders, looking up at the window. After waiting some time, however, he evidently concluded that he must be mistaken, for he moved on again. Scarcely had he gone ten paces when the voice again sang out:

"Stay there until I call you, d—n you!"

This time the soldier felt that there could be no mistake about it, for he was used to being sworn at. He turned, saluted, and stood stark still.

"How long are you goin' to let him stand there, Stuffy?" asked Bob.

"Wot have I got ter do with that?" demanded Mr. Campbell, grinning. "He ain't under my orders, is he?"

The two young rascals crossed over to the other side of the street and awaited events.

An hour passed, and the soldier stood still in front of his officer's window.

"Let's go into this saloon and take lunch," suggested Stuffy, "an' we'll relieve him when we come back."

A hot sausage and roll, and a pint of beer having been disposed of, they returned to their post of observation, and there was the gigantic soldier still waiting, in a respectful attitude, in front of the officer's window.

"I'll tell yer wot'd be a bully thing, Stuff," said Bob. "Make the soldier bully the officer!"

Stuffy laughed.

"I haven't heard him speak yet. But I'll bet he's an Irishman. Here goes, anyway."

"Hey, up there. Ter the divil wid ye, ye omadhoun! How long is it ye'd keep me wid one hand ter me helmet? D'ye moind, up there!"

The face of the young officer appeared at the window the moment these words were spoken.

He had been calmly smoking a pipe—now his face was red with passion.

"What are you standing there for, you d—d fool!" he cried.

This time the soldier did answer, and very respectfully.

"Ye told me, yer honor!"

"I told you! Nothing of the sort! But what do you mean by such language as you shouted out just now?"

"Divil a wurrud I said, yer honor!"

The young officer withdrew his head, preparatory to coming down, but just as he did so, Stuffy broke in with the soldier's voice and brogue:

"Ah, it's comin' down y'are, eh? Thin may the divil fly away wid me, but I'll give ye the natest dressin' y've had for many a long year! Bad luck to yez, ye bloody sassanach!"

Stuffy and Bob did not wait to see the result of this last piece of ventriloquism, but hurried away in the direction of the Strand.

It was yet early in the day, but in London there are concert-saloons open all day long. One of these was in full blast as our friends went by, and outside it was the transparency:

"American saloon. Singing and dancing by the Great New York Troupe. Admission, six-pence."

"Let's go in," said Stuffy.

They did so, and found that a young man, who was evidently posted on affairs in New York, was delighting the company with a song he described as the "Madhouse in the Air." In this song everything was reported as being exactly opposite to what it really is.

"That ain't so bad, Stuffy," said Bob, as the applause which followed the conclusion of the song subsided. "Can't you give 'em one more verse?"

"W'y, the man's gone."

"Oh, never mind; give it to 'em anyway; they'll think he's singin' it behind the scenes."

"All right, here goes," said Stuffy; "but keep yer eyes skinned, for we may have ter cut pretty quick if they get a notion of where it comes from."

So saying, Stuffy threw his voice onto the stage and sang:

"But of all the high old duffers
I've seen in any land,
The very worst are in my sight—
In the madhouse in the Strand.
Go home, you fools—your money will
Returned be to your hand—
And never set your foot again
In the madhouse in the Strand!"

An uproar immediately arose, one half of the audience growing indignant, the other half laughing at them.

"That's a fact," said one burly Englishman. "These 'ere Yanks is a 'aving a bloody game with us. H'I'll take my money back and cut it."

"That's right, sir," said Stuffy, indignantly. "They're worse than highway robbers."

An angry crowd collected about the little box-office door, but the money-taker was not there. Then they began to thump on the floor with sticks and umbrellas.

The manager promptly appeared on the stage, wondering what the trouble was all about, but before he could say a word, Stuffy threw his voice on the stage, and made the manager say, bluntly:

"It serves you all right."

A perfect groan arose at these words, supposed to issue from the manager's mouth, and Bob and Stuffy, almost choking with laughter, slipped out, leaving the manager and audience to settle the quarrel between them.

Their stay in London was not to be all enjoyment, however, as they found out that very evening. On going to the hotel where Mr. Rufus had taken quarters, they were surprised to find that gentleman bruised and bleeding, and his head covered with bandages.

"Why, gov'nor, wot's the row?" asked Bob.

Mr. Rufus told him with great difficulty, that he had gone to Coutts's bank that morning to draw some money, and had noticed that he was followed by one or two suspicious-looking characters. When he had gone a dozen blocks or so, a man suddenly ran across from the opposite side of the street, and fell right across his path. Mr. Rufus, supposing the man had fallen by accident and to be badly hurt, stooped down to speak to him and to help him up, when he suddenly received a heavy blow at the back of the head, which sent him reeling. When he recovered, he found that his watch and money were gone.

"Why, that's a regular plant!" exclaimed Stuffy. "That trick's as old as the hills in New York, an' I wonder at yer bein' taken in by it. But that ain't the question now. The question is, how to get it back."

"Oh," groaned poor Mr. Rufus. "I wouldn't mind about the money and the watch, if I didn't have these terrible pains in the head."

"Well, we'll see what's ter be done," said Bob.

"Stuffy an' me will go ter the police headquarters, and make some inquiries."

In accordance with this suggestion, Bob and Stuffy went to Scotland Yard that afternoon.

Here Bob and Stuffy explained what they wanted, and it was arranged that they should be provided with an officer who would assist them in their search.

Directly they got outside, Bob said:

"What's yer tippie, officer?"

"Oh," said that functionary, "I think I'll take a little dog's nose."

"Dog's nose! What's that?"

"Why, gin an' beer, of course."

This was a new drink to Bob, and they all adjourned to the nearest public-house to enjoy it.

"Now, what yer want is to go through the boozin' kens, eh?"

"That's it," said Bob. "We want to find the feller wot took the watch an' money."

That night the detective accompanied the two boys through low London. It was fully ten o'clock when they arrived in one of the worst neighborhoods in the whole city of London. Those who have ever visited the Five Points of New York, can imagine a neighborhood ten times as dirty, ten times as populous, and ten times as large.

Such was the place which Bob and Stuffy visited in company with the officer, and their experience in it was destined to be a little rougher than any they had hitherto had in London.

The officer, whose name was Jim Dent, was certain he should find the thief in one of those places in Whitechapel. They had visited two, and now came to the third.

Bob and Stuffy had never seen such a sight as was presented to them when the door of this last Whitechapel den was opened.

Two or three dozen men and women were sitting around a grate fire, all drinking and smoking.

The moment the officer entered, he was saluted by a regular howl from the inmates of the den, all of whom appeared to recognize him.

"Ullo!" shouted one cockney thief, "ere's the leary cove."

This was the name under which the officer went in "flash" circles.

In an instant everybody was on foot.

"Who d'yer want? Wot yer lookin' for?" was the cry, and Bob and Stuffy came in for many black looks, as the officer coolly walked up to the fire-place.

"Where's Red Mike?" he asked.

"He h'ain't bin 'ere ter-day," cried several.
 "That's a lie. He's here now. Tell him I want him, and save trouble, or I'll take the bark off of some of yer shins before I've done with yer."

The sharp eyes of the detective had seen a movement at the further end of the room, and knew that some of the persons in the place were trying to shield "Red Mike."

In an instant the whole place was in an uproar. The police officer started for the corner, and as he did so two burly ruffians sprang at him, while half a dozen women threw themselves on Bob and Stuff, almost smothering them.

CHAPTER XVII.

LEAVING Mr. Short and Mr. Stuff Campbell for a few moments in the decidedly unpleasant predicament into which the English detective had led them, we must return to the United States, where something had happened which was calculated to throw the Rufus household into a ferment.

This something was no less than a copy of the New York Herald, containing an account of the trial of William Rufus, jeweler, of New York, for breach of promise of marriage, in Paris.

Of course it was a kind female friend who showed the paper to Mrs. Rufus.

"Now, don't excite yourself, dear," said this smooth-faced hypocrite, as she brought in the paper. "Perhaps it's not true."

But the heart of the worthy matron sank within her as she read the flaming head lines, and it was not twenty-four hours after the publication of the paper before every one of her kind female friends called upon her to sympathize with her or to upbraid her absent husband.

The report of the paper was not complete, but contained only the first day's proceedings. Consequently Mrs. Rufus was not aware of her husband's innocence. Nothing would do, therefore, but immediately sailing for Europe to confront her supposed unfaithful spouse.

"I'll get a divorce! I'll have a separation! The wretch! The father of six children! The monster!"

These amiable words were the last Mrs. Rufus spoke on the subject before going on board the steamer.

It was on the thirteenth day after this that she landed in Liverpool, and of course in the meantime all trace of the Rufus trial had disappeared from the English papers. She still believed her husband guilty, therefore, and started for Paris.

Here she learned that he had openly offered in court to marry Angelina Phillips, had been acquitted, and had gone to London.

The poor lady was terribly shocked at this heartless conduct of her husband, and followed him to London.

But London is quite a town, and for a time she could find no trace of him or of Bob Short. When she did find them, as the reader will see in good time, it was under very peculiar circumstances.

The loss of Mr. Rufus' watch and money, as we have seen, had brought Bob and Stuff into contact with some of the worst characters even London can furnish. When we left them, they were both smothered under the attentions of the ladies and gentlemen who were determined to protect Red Mike, while the detective found himself confronted by half a dozen burly fellows who stood threateningly ready to brain him.

At the same moment, and just as Bob and Stuff released themselves from their assailants, Red Mike came out from the other end of the room, in which he had been hiding in a little coslet.

"Ah, I thought you were there," said the detective.

"Yer don't say so!" replied Red Mike, sarcastically. "Yer a fly cop, ain't yer?"

As he said it, Red Mike coolly pulled out Mr. Rufus' watch, opened it, and glanced at the time in an affected manner, as though he had been used to gold watches and diamond settings all his life.

"That's the super," said Bob. "I'd swear to it anywhere."

"Yer kin bet it is," replied Red Mike. "An' it wouldn't see the light just yet if it wasn't putty certain that yer can't get hold of it."

Stuff had said nothing during this boastful speech, but just at this moment a bright idea occurred to him.

"Tell the cop ter keep his eye skinned," said he to Bob in a whisper, "I'll make that feller think there's some one behind him with a pistol."

Bob did as he was told.

Red Mike, feeling perfectly secure in the presence of his gang, went on, looking affectionately at the watch.

"Yes; it is a nice 'un. An' no doubt the gentleman don't want ter go an' lose it. Pre-haps we could arrange about it, money down, eh? C. O. D., as they say in that blasted smart country, eh?"

This was the moment Stuff chose. Throwing his voice immediately behind Red Mike, he exclaimed:

"Drop that, or I'll put a hole in yer!"

Involuntarily the cracksman—for such he was—turned around, and the same instant Stuff, Bob and the detective leveled their revolvers at him.

"That wuz a socker, Stuff!" cried Bob, in admiration.

"Yes, there's four of us, young feller," said Stuff to Red Mike. "Yer didn't count on the other one, did yer? Now, guv'nor," (to the detective) "go in and collar the swag, an' ef he moves, I'll put a three-quarter inch Remington cartridge plumb in his body!"

But Red Mike was not going to be taken so easily. He had gained a reputation as one of the most daring cracksmen in the country, and was a member of a gipsy gang which had its headquarters at Mile End, near London, and about two miles from the den in which those occurrences took place.

He determined to make a dash for liberty, though three revolvers were leveled at him. He knew that to fire on him was a very serious thing, and doubted whether Stuff or Bob would shoot. He felt sure the detective would not.

"Oh, all right," he said, dropping his arms carelessly. "You boys has got the best of me this time. Put down yer pistols, an' I'll talk biz to yer."

"That's the talk," said Bob, lowering his revolver.

The detective did the same, but Stuff still covered Red Mike with his weapon.

"I've seen them 'ere tricks at the Old Bowery Theayter," said Stuff, composedly. "Yer can't come any o' yer confidence games over this chicken."

"Now, Mag!" shouted Red Mike, leaping up, suddenly.

In an instant the lights were put out, and the report of a revolver rang through the room. A cry of pain followed, succeeded by a number of oaths and exclamations that made the place sound like pandemonium to our two friends.

"To make it more binding," as Bob said, afterwards, somebody at this instant gave him a powerful blow which knocked him down. He jumped up again, however, and launched a tremendous one at his antagonist, at the same time saying:

"Take that, bad luck to yez!"

A groan followed, and Bob recognized the voice. It was Stuff's.

"The divil fly away wid ye, Bob Short!" groaned poor Stuff, bending down. "Ye've knocked all the 'triloquism out o' me this time, I'm afeard!"

"I didn't know it was you, Stuff."

"Hush, have ye a match?"

"Yes."

"Then give us one scratch o' light, an' we'll fight our way out o' this."

During all this time there had been no cessation in the noise made by the friends of Red Mike, and when the match was struck the light showed the detective in one corner of the room, held down by three burly ruffians, while the women were busily fastening up a secret door through which Red Mike had just made his escape.

"Ah, ye may flare away now as much as ye've a mind to," said one of the latter, as Bob struck the match.

Mr. Short accordingly lighted the gas, and surveyed the scene around him. He himself had a beautiful black eye, Mr. Stuff Campbell had his lip cut, besides receiving Bob's blow in the pit of the stomach, and the detective was simply doubled up in a heap.

The gang had accomplished their purpose of securing Red Mike's escape, however, and did not care to interfere with them any more, so when the lights were once more lit, the detective was allowed to get up.

Bob could not help thinking that a New York detective would have made short work of some of those present under similar circumstances; but the rules of the English service are very strict, and except in cases of special danger, the

officers are not allowed all.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NOT having a warrant for the arrest of the body but Red Mike, and that worthy having escaped, the English detective had to "haul repairs," as Stuff declared.

When they got outside Whitechapel they an account of stock.

The detective had been kicked severely in the ribs, Bob Short had a black eye, and Stuff Campbell, besides a cut lip, was nearly doubled up by the pains of Bob's blow.

They had seen Mr. Rufus' watch, and that was all the good the exposition had done them.

"Oh, well," said Bob, "it is like the sailor's tea-kettle. It ain't lost, 'cos we know where it is."

"Well, I'll tell yer wot it is, boys," said the detective, "h'Im blessed if h'I want to give it h'up. H'I'm game to go for it, if you are."

"Why, of course we are," said the boys.

Bob and Stuff paid a short visit to the jeweler that afternoon. Mr. Rufus was much surprised at their dilapidated condition, and told them not to mind about the watch—to let it go. But they had made up their minds to go to the gipsy camp, and as Stuff said: "Ter git square with that big bloat, Red Mike."

Accordingly, the next afternoon they met the detective by appointment.

"Ullo!" said that worthy. "This 'ere won't do, ye know."

"What?" they asked.

"Wy, this 'ere Red Mike's the cunningest thief as ever trod in shoe-leather. He'll remember o' ye, and his friends the gipsies will 'ave a full, true an' partic'lar description of all of us. Ye've got ter disguise yourselves."

"An' how about yourself?" asked Bob.

"Leave that to me. Leave it h'all ter me," answered the officer.

After some discussion it was arranged that Bob should dress in the uniform of a drummer-boy.

"There's a rigiment of sojers out there," said the officer, "an' it'll look natural."

As to Stuff, he was to be a beggar and to be found asleep on the roadside.

"An' how are ye goin' yerselves?"

"You meet me h'at six o'clock h'at the White 'Orse, the public 'ouse," said the detective, "an' ye'll see h'all about it."

It was summer time, and the days were long. At six o'clock, therefore, it was quite light, and the White Horse public house was crowded. Bob, who had provided himself with the drummer-boy's uniform, went into the tap-room of the establishment and looked around for the detective. He was not there.

Bob felt rather strange in his tight red coat, and was afraid of attracting attention. He was about to leave, when a big lumbering countryman in a smock frock, with a carter's whip in his hand and a number of turnpike tickets in his hat came up to him.

"Oi say, measter," said the teamster, "can't tell me ef so be as this be the White 'Orse public 'ouse?"

"Yes, it is," answered Bob.

"Oi was lukin' fur a young man be the name o' Short, sir."

Bob started. It was the detective.

"By the piper that played before Julius Cæsar!" he exclaimed, "but ye're a buster at fixin' up."

"Where's Stuff?" asked the detective, in his natural voice.

"Here, I am stoopid," was the answer in the detective's ear.

The latter turned, but there was nobody there.

Stuff soon made his appearance, however, having thrown his voice from another part of the bar-room to where the detective stood. He was clad in true beggar-style, and indeed, while he stood in the bar, ragged cap in hand, the bar-maid threw him a penny—which penny Mr. Campbell keeps to this day.

A cab was in waiting at a convenient corner; into it the three friends got.

"Have yer got yer shootin' irons with yer?" asked Bob.

The detective displayed a brace of handsome Derringer pistols, Stuff produced a seven-shooting Smith and Wesson, and Bob, not to be behind-hand, showed up a Colt's revolver big enough to frighten a giant.

"There's enough there to h'eat 'em up!" said the detective. "But we must be careful. No

"Mind! H'and now to h'ar-
operations!"
and his friend are arrang-
"h'operations," let us take a
Cave, for that was the name
which the gipsy encampment had
at Mile End, only two miles from
city of London.

Country about these parts is exceedingly
and picturesque. On all sides are hills
and valleys, and just where the gipsy encamp-
ment had been made, ran a small river which
on two sides of the camp formed a natural pro-
tection to its inmates.

The camp itself was formed by some two dozen
rude tents, three-cornered in shape, erected in
a semi-circle. In front of these burned several
turf fires, over which hung iron pots in which
the women were preparing the evening meal.

Half-a-dozen men were lying around, smoking
and chatting, while every now and then a dark-
eyed woman in short petticoats would flit in and
out of the tents, followed by a little child.

Altogether, the scene was quite attractive and
picturesque.

In front of the principal tent of the camp some
men were lying by the open fire, talking. By
the entrance to the tent sat an old woman, smok-
ing a pipe, while by her side sat a beautiful girl,
with raven black hair and eyes, listening to the
conversation.

"How's the big pal, mother," asked one of the
men.

As the words left his mouth, a long, low whis-
tle came from the moor outside the camp.

In an instant everybody was on foot, while the
old woman hastily putting away her pipe, pre-
pared to meet her son, the "big pal," as he had
been called, the chief of this wandering tribe.

"There he is now," she said.

In another minute, a tall, burly fellow, with
long black hair and a broad hat, came striding
into the camp.

"What ho, my Romanys!" he said, shaking
hands with the nearest. "What luck? What
news?"

The old woman came forward and put her
finger to her lips.

"Who's with you?" she whispered.

The big pal laughed.

"Ha-ha! That's right, mother. It's you for
telling four feet from two on the green sod.
You're sharper than the youngest of 'em, any
day."

The others looked somewhat surprised, but at
a motion from the new-comer, went to their
tents without the least noise, or a loud word.

"A little business, mother," answered her son.
"Get a bed in the spare tent yonder. It's an old
friend, and he's wounded."

"Wounded! Who?"

"Red Mike."

"The devil's curse on him!" said the old wo-
man, passionately.

"I know he's no favorite o' yours, mother,"
said the pal, laughing; "but this must be done.
Must be—do you understand?"

In ten minutes more Red Mike appeared,
helped along by the big pal. Very shortly after
he was put to bed in the spare tent, and had his
wound dressed. The latter, which was due to
Stuffy's pistol, was a flesh wound in the right
arm, painful but not dangerous.

This having been done, the pal called the tribe
together while the women got supper ready, and
a little business was done which might have in-
terested the police authorities if they had known
it. This was nothing less than the sharing of
Mr. Rufus' money. The watch still remained in
Red Mike's possession.

This little arrangement being concluded to the
satisfaction of all concerned, (except Mr. Rufus,
probably), the big pal was about to retire to his
own tent when one of the scouts the gipsies
always had on the watch came into the camp
on tiptoe, his finger to his lips.

"Well, what is it?" gruffly demanded the
leader.

"Stranger cove with the pass-word," said the
other.

"What name does he give?"

"Kentish Pride."

"What! Kentish Pride, the crack?" cried the
big pal, delighted. "In with him! Up, my
Romanys and night rabbits!"

At these words of their leader, the gipsies,
male and female, came swarming from their
little tents.

"Ha, my bully boy!" cried the big pal, as the
carter's smock frock and whip appeared—for it
was none other than the detective—"how goes
it?"

"Well, my hearty, and with all of yer numer-
ous family, how goes it?" said the other, imitat-

ing the accent and swagger of the professional
cracksman.

"First-rate. But I say, what rig is this?"
pointing to the teamster's frock.

"Honest ploughman—turnpike tickets in my
hat," said the other, with a laugh. "'Cos w'y?
'Cos the last crib I cracked, I nearly cracked the
h'old gen'l'man's skull into the bargain."

The laughter over this joke had scarcely sub-
sided when the scout appeared.

"Well, what now?"

"Beggar-boy, werry far gone; got a little
drunken soger boy with him. Vants ter lie down
by the fire."

The big pal thought a moment.

"Soger boy, ye say?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, he may be useful. Some o' them officers
has got heaps o' swag in jewelry an' one thing
an' another. Give 'em a shake-down by the
fire."

In five minutes more the two boys appeared
—Bob in his disguise of a drummer-boy, appear-
ing to be very much the worse for liquor, while
Stuffy stretched himself in front of a turf fire,
pretending to be chilled.

It was a very romantic scene, but the three
adventurous spirits who had braved the gipsies'
vengeance could not help wondering how they
were to get out of it alive.

This little diversion over, the big pal ordered
a man near to bring some liquor, to warm the
welcome for his old friend, "Kentish Pride."

"Vel, 'ere's to ye all," said the latter, taking up
one of the little horns out of which the liquor
was drank. "'Ere's yer jolly good healths, and
more especially the big pal. Come, my rabbits,
to the big pal."

The toast was drank enthusiastically.

"Come, now, it's harpy-go-lucky with the
boys to-night. What d'yer say, pal? Give us a
song?"

"Yes—yes! a song, give us a song!" cried a
dozen voices.

"Wot? Wy, yer wouldn't 'ave me ter come for
ter go for tersing, would ye?" asked the supposed
cracksman.

"Yes, give us a song!" they cried.

"Well, if you will 'ave it, wy, I suppose I
must, though I ain't much of a hand at it, mind
ye; but I tell yer wot it is, boys—"

"What?"

"I'll give yer a verse or two as I learned out
in Ameriky, eh?"

"Go it, then."

Thus encouraged, the detective sang:

"'Twas in Fulton Market,
That there lived a fine young man;
And he was engaged to a dam-siel,
Which her name was Su-si-an.
And they was h'always makin' love,
Jest like a pair o' spoons,
H'all the mornin's, h'all the h'evenin's,
H'and h'all the h'afternoons!"

"Well, matters 'ad been going on
Like this a year or more,
When Su-si-an remarked one day:
'My h'age is thirty-four!
I feel as 'ow h'I'm gettin' h'on,
H'I h'ain't now a young gal,
H'and h'I should werry much like to know,
H'if your views is mat-ri-mo-ni-hal!"

"Ha—ha!" roared the gipsies, as the carter
was about to give them the next verse. But sud-
denly the song was stopped, and their mirth was
stopped—their laugh cut right in the middle?

A terrible cry of pain and rage came from
the tent in which Red Mike was confined.

The detective knew what had happened, and
with a shout drew his revolver and made to the
tent.

At the same instant the report of a pistol was
heard within the tent, and Stuffy Campbell came
staggering out, watch in hand, and fell senseless
on the sward.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE second day after this, the reader is intro-
duced to a poor but very populous neighborhood
in the outskirts of London, where some of Mr.
Stuffy Campbell's relatives resided.

The watch stolen from Mr. Rufus had been re-
captured, but at the price of a wound to Stuffy,
which his friends had believed fatal.

It was on the second day after the wound that
Bob Short and Mr. Rufus visited the place, fully
believing poor Stuffy to be dead.

What was their astonishment when the door
of the room in which they sat was suddenly

opened, and the grinning face of Stuffy himself
appeared!

"Why, Stuff!" ejaculated Bob.

"Hush!" said the other, whose face was very
pale, but who looked very lively for a corpse.

"We thought you were dead!"

"Sure they're goin' to wake me to-night!
Bless yer sowl, when I woke up there was lots o'
candles and lemons, and sugar, an' whiskey, an'
the devil knows what all! I thought I was in
Heaven!"

Mr. Rufus held up his hands in horror.

"Is that your idea of Heaven, Stuffy?" he
asked. "But now that you're alive again, let's
go."

Stuffy drew back in dismay.

"What! an' spoil the wake!" he said, "an'
leave all that good whiskey? Not ef this court
knows herself, which she thinks she do!"

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"Have some fun. Don't yer know I'm a
'triloquist an' I'll set 'em all off their ears?"

Bob laughed uproariously at the idea, but Mr.
Rufus thought it was cruel.

"Ah, don't be botherin' us," said Stuffy. "It
ain't as ef it was me father or mother, but these
folks here is only second cousins, d'ye see?"

So Mr. Rufus was ultimately persuaded to
come that night.

"An' we'll have a dance after," said Stuffy.

All that day there was but one attendant on
"the corpse," and that was Bob Short. Even-
ing came, and the room gradually filled with
friends of the people in whose house Stuffy had
stayed after he was shot.

Among them were several very pretty girls,
and the English detective, two or three old wo-
men, who continually bemoaned Stuffy's fate,
though they had never seen him before, and a
fiddler.

By-and-by Mr. Rufus came, and this was the
signal for Stuffy to begin. Taking advantage
of a moment when the company were drinking,
Stuffy threw his voice right into Mr. Rufus'
mouth, and said:

"The young blackguard. It serves him right."

At these words, apparently coming from his
friend, whose watch he had recovered at the risk
of his life, the people present sat aghast with
horror, looking daggers at the jeweler.

As for him, he thought the words had come
from somebody behind him, and turned around
to see who had spoken, looking very indignant.

"Ah, thin, ye may well luck," said an old wo-
man who had a glass of punch on her lap.
"Shure it isn't fur the likes of ye to be sayin' such
things of the poor bye."

"Saying what, my good woman?" asked the
bewildered Rufus, who had no idea that Stuffy
would play a trick of this sort upon him.

"Ye're an ould bl'gyard yerself," cried Stuffy,
throwing his voice to the other end of the room,
among a crowd of females. "Didn't they have ye
up in France for bigamy, be the same token?"

Mr. Rufus wheeled around to the supposed last
speaker, just in time to catch a chuckle from Bob
Short.

Then he "tumbled," and burst out into a fit of
laughter, in which he came well-nigh choking.

This strange behavior, however, only incensed
the people in the room, who thought it was the
most heartless conduct they had ever witnessed.

But nobody took Mr. Rufus to task until Bob
said, very innocently:

"When did ye hear from home, sir?"

A burst of derision arose from the women.

"Home, is it?" they said, contemptuously.
"Shure, he deserted his wife, an' he's got no
home."

"That's a lie!" said Stuffy, putting the words
in the mouth of a strapping fellow in the corner
of the room.

"Aha! Is it Tim Maloney that's spakin'?" said
one woman. "An' there's not a gurl in the
town but he's afther. Birds av a feather they
do flock together!"

"Hould yer whist!" said the man. "I didn't
say a wurrud!"

"Lord ha' mercy, d'ye moind that, now?" came
from a group of women.

"I say I didn't," replied the man, angrily.

"Where's me hat?"

"Ah, don't go, Tim."

"Yes, let 'm go, an' be hanged to 'm!" was the
polite rejoinder of the corpse, throwing the
sound right behind Tim's back.

Mr. Maloney turned angrily, and Bob saw
there was going to be a row, if he wasn't stop-
ped right away.

"One moment, ladies and gentlemen!" he said,
mounting a chair.

Everybody stood still.

"I think there's a way o' settlin' this muss,"

said Bob, grinning. "Let's take a drink, and then I'll tell ye."

The bottle and a glass were handed him, and as his glass was filled, he slyly took a pinch of snuff from the box of one of the women and put it suddenly up Stuff's Campbell's nose.

"Here's the health of the corpse, long life to him!" shouted Bob, just as Stuff sneezed violently and sat up in bed.

The women screamed and were making for the door.

"The devil fly away wid you, Bob Short," said Stuff, sneezing again. "Ye've spoilt the wake, ye contrary devil ye."

A shout of laughter greeted these words.

"Is there any whiskey left?" demanded Stuff, getting up. "I'm as dry as a Broadway flagstone in the middle of July."

So saying, he took a deep drink.

Of course, the corpse having come to life again, there was general rejoicing. The fiddler now commenced, and dancing was begun in real earnest.

"Now, Mr. Rufus," said Bob, "ye really must shake a leg on this occasion."

"Ah, do, sir," said the hypocritical Stuff.

"But—"

"Ah, no buts. I'll find ye a pretty girl for a partner, sir, an' we'll make up a quad-reel!"

Mr. Rufus allowed himself to be led away by this promise, and what did the wicked Stuff do but bring him the same old woman who had abused him before. However, the jeweler took all in good part, and danced a couple of sets with her before he gave out.

Then Stuff brought a handsome, black-eyed girl up.

"Now, sir, we're goin' to play forfeits. The fust one as gives out'll have ter kiss his partner, sir, an' I thought, under the circumstances, ye might like a change uv partners, sir."

Mr. Rufus took the young girl's arm, and away the music went.

For upwards of half an hour they danced, and nobody gave out.

Then the jeweler, who was rather fat, gave signs of weakness.

At last he had to stop. He could dance no longer.

"A forfeit—a forfeit!" cried the malicious Stuff.

Just at this moment, a voice was heard in the hall. It was a feminine voice, and was heard exclaiming:

"But I must see him—I must see him, I tell you!"

Mr. Rufus was observed to turn pale, but he could hardly believe the evidence of his senses.

"A forfeit!" cried Bob and Stuff together, and all the company took up the cry.

There was no help for it.

Mr. Rufus bent down to kiss the pretty girl, and just as he did so, the door of the room opened, and a corpulent, angry-looking woman entered.

"My wife!" ejaculated the wretched jeweler, dropping the girl's hand amidst the laughter of every one in the room.

CHAPTER XX.

THE sight of Mrs. Rufus, as may be imagined, was "nuts" to Stuff and Bob Short. Indeed, the former young gentleman seemed to enjoy her appearance, and Mr. Rufus' perplexity so much, that for some minutes he could not speak for laughing.

But Bob was determined to prevent a scandal, if possible, and immediately approached the lady.

"Don't make a fuss, ma'am," he said, confidentially. "The guv'nor's all right. He jest came here ter have a bit o' fun at the funeral."

"Don't speak to me, you little wretch!" said the outraged matron. "We have had no peace since you came in his employ. Oh—oh—oh!"

These last exclamations were unmistakable signs of hysterics.

"My dear," said the jeweler, very meekly.

"Your dear!" echoed his wife. "Ugh! you wretch. Your dear, indeed! Go to your new wife you promised to marry on the steamer, you villain!"

At this remark, which, as Mr. Bob Short remarked, showed the lady knew "wot's wot," Stuff gave a long whistle expressive of the most intense delight.

"Praps there ain't goin' ter be no fun in der family, eh, Bob? Oh! no; I guess not," remarked that young gentleman, grinning from ear to ear.

Of course all the women came around Mrs. Rufus and sympathized with her, and even the

pretty girl the jeweler had kissed, declared that he was a horrid old monster, and ought to be ashamed of himself.

By-and-by, however, the good lady began to be pacified—especially after Bob Short had produced copies of the London papers with a full account of Mr. Rufus' acquittal in them.

It was Bob, as usual, however, who put the finishing touch to the reconciliation. He got on a chair, with a glass of whiskey punch in his hand, and addressed the assemblage as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen: This here lady's Mrs. Rufus, as nice a lady as ever drewed the breath o' life. She's come over three thousand miles to see her husband, as I should expect my wife ter do ef we was separated."

Here Bob winked at the pretty girl who had kissed Mr. Rufus.

"She come here under mistake, which was in the American papers. But now she knows it's all a mistake—or as you call it in this blawsted country, a blooming error, ye know, and so I purpose to give her three cheers, an' drink her health in a glass o' punch. All those in favor o' that say ay—contrary no, carried unanimous. Mrs. Rufus, ma'am, her's to ye."

This little speech restored the good humor of the party, and long before it broke up, Mr. Rufus had explained all to his worthy lady, assisted in a great measure by Bob Short.

The time for Stuff's public appearance had now come. He was to appear at the celebrated St. James' Hall, where the Christy Minstrels first sang in London, and was announced on flaming posters all over London.

So well was the entertainment advertised, that on the first night the house was crowded. The agent who had accompanied Stuff had done well to allow him as much practice as possible.

Stuff really did some wonderful things in the way of ventriloquism, and the entertainment was a great success. Night after night the shillings came rolling in, and every night Mr. Rufus was a liberal patron.

"Well, I think we've struck oil this time, Bob," said Stuff, one day. "An' I tell you what, old feller, you got me a place when I left the Old Bowery, an' I think I can put a dollar in yer way. Ef the guv'nor ever wants ter turn ye up, come and be my travelin' agent."

In a very few days more, Mr. Rufus began seriously to think of returning home. But now that she had come so far, his wife was determined to see more of the sights of the old world.

So it was decided that they should go to Italy and take Bob with them.

"All right," said Stuff. "My engagement only lasts a week longer in London. Then I'll jine yer."

It was but a day or two after this conversation that Mr. Rufus and his family found themselves in Florence, where a considerable number of Americans always spent part of the year.

"Well, bless my soul," said Mr. Rufus, as they rode up the principal street of the city. "I never saw such a sight in my life. What does it mean?"

"It looks like a hundred centennials, rolled into one," said Bob.

The fact was that the people of Florence were making preparations for the annual carnival, which was to occur on the following day.

After going to their hotel, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus took a walk, leaving Bob to go wherever he chose.

"Be the powers I would like ter have one more hack at him," said Bob, grinning to himself at the idea. "We're a goin' back to the U. S. you bet, in a day or two, an' I would like ter have jist one more little joke with the boss."

Bob was just revolving in his mind how this was to be done, when a voice at his side cried out:

"Get out o' the way, there!"

Bob turned, but not a soul was within six feet of him.

He looked puzzled for a moment, but then a light broke over his face.

"Stuff, by jingo!" he exclaimed. "Come out, Stuff, old man, wherever you are. I know'd it was you."

"You're a liar," sounded right behind him, but Bob saw nobody, and when he turned again, Stuff was at his side.

"Well, Stuff, you are the devil!" said Bob. "What brought yer along so lively?"

"I'll tell yer," said Stuff. "I heern there was to be a carnival here, an' so I couldn't stand it."

"Stand what, you Injun-rubber-faced humbug?" he asked, grinning.

"The guv'nor!" answered Stuff. "I say, Bob, we must have another crack at him afore he goes back. Eh?"

"No."

did ye."

"Medi-

quist laid up."

Signed, W. Jones."

"Oh, that's it, eh?"

"Yes, and his recovery."

all der mornin' papers," said

"Well, an' now ye're here."

ter do? How are yer goin' ter

Stuff?"

"I'll tell yer," and the two worthies

away, cogitating over their plan, while the

suspecting Mr. and Mrs. Rufus were taking their quiet walk.

The day of the carnival came, and early in the morning Mrs. Rufus went with her maid to do some shopping. While she was out a letter came up to the jeweler.

It was addressed in a lady's hand, was scented, sealing-waxed, and the address read as follows:

"IL SIGNORE RUFUS,

"Hotel della Marmora.

"Florenza."

"Halloo?" said the jeweller, when he had read the contents. "Do you know anything of this, Bob?" looking at him very suspiciously.

"Ef yer'll tell me wot it is, I'll answer that question," returned Bob, innocently.

Mr. Rufus handed him the letter. It was from a lady, and was beautifully written. It took the liberty of carnival time to invite Mr. Rufus to a dance with the writer at the grand ball in the evening. The ticket which was enclosed, admitted only one, and Mr. Rufus was begged to come attired as Charles I.

"What do you think of it, Bob?" asked the jeweler, who had been watching his countenance while reading it.

"Well, ef I was you, sir, I shouldn't go," said Bob.

"You're right. I won't."

"No, I wouldn't."

Bob changed the subject, as though the matter had no interest for him.

During the morning, however, Mr. Rufus began to waver.

"I wonder what kind of affairs these carnival balls are?" he asked. "Are they respectable?"

"How do I know, sir?" asked Bob. "If there ain't no objection, I guess I'll go myself an' have a look at it. It's different in my case, yer see, as I ain't a married man."

"Well, Bob, if you go I shall go."

"Oh, you can't come wi' me, sir. The missus'd never forgive me to the day of her death," said the hypocritical Bob.

"Well, I shall go, anyway."

"All right, sir."

Bob thought he'd choke with laughter that evening as the jeweler, togged out as Charles I, came into the ball-room. Stuff was with Bob, but Mr. Rufus did not know that either of them was there. The gallant jeweler walked down the ball-room as proud as a peacock, peering at the mask of lady after lady. He had been told to look out for a flower-girl, who would carry a bunch of violets in her hand, and sure enough it was not long before he espied the identical person.

"Good-evening, miss," said the gallant Rufus, laying his hand on his heart, and bowing with great gallantry.

"Goot efening, sir," was the reply, in the prettiest broken English the jeweler thought he had ever heard.

"Oh, you old villain!" came from one of the masks.

But Rufus looked around and could espy nobody. Had Stuff been there, he would have seen through it in a minute, but wasn't Stuff at that moment appearing on the stage in London?

At last he persuaded himself that the remark was not intended for him, and Charles the First and the flower girl again promenaded the room.

"Ah, dear me!" sighed the lady. "I hear, sare, zat you are a married man."

Rufus began to be troubled.

"Yes, ma'am; unfor—that is, I am."

"Your wife, sare, is she young and pretty, sare?"

"Not much she ain't," thought Rufus, but he only said: "Pretty fair."

"She's too good for you, you old rascal," said the voice again, and again the jeweler looked around, only to convince himself that it was his imagination, and not a real voice.

The conversation between Charles the First and the flower girl now became more confidential and tender than ever.

At length the time came to unmask, for all those who desired to go down to supper. The

and that to the themselves in a fun that they knew

"I," said the jeweler. "I allowing you to go without I am sure it is a beautiful voice is sweet and low."

"Yes," said a voice that poor Rufus only too well, for now the mask was taken off, and the face of his wife disclosed beneath

"Perdition!" ejaculated the wretched man. Suddenly he turned around, and assuming an air of severe dignity, said:

"Maria, I'm ashamed of you." "Of me, sir? Pray, for what? For exposing your capers in this fashion?"

"No, ma'am; but because a mother of five children, and a woman of your age, should come to a public ball."

The lady laughed scornfully. "So long as you thought it was somebody else, you didn't object. Ugh, you old wretch! I hate you."

"Maria!" "Yes, hate you."

"Oh, no you don't," said a mask, coming up now for the first time. "Guess I know all about this, ma'am. Rather than see a jar in the family, I'll tell all about it. It's that there Stuff's doin's. He's been sayin' all them nice things to you, ma'am. It warn't yer husband. He knew who you was all the time, bless you."

The jeweler cast a grateful glance on Bob. "But Stuff is in London," said the lady.

"Not much he ain't," said a well-known voice, as Stuff himself came up. "Now, we've had our little joke with you, we'll have some fun with the other fellers. Ye must take it all in fun carnival time."

CHAPTER XXI.

STUFFY had already been away from London too long, and it was necessary for him to return at once.

"The sustificate will bust blazes outer the show ef I don't look out, Bob," said the great American ventriloquist.

And so Bob and Stuff parted. It was to be more than three years before they met again, during which time Stuff coined a great deal of money, and was by no means forgetful of the friend of his adversity.

"I know'd the time when a plate o' pork an'

beans wuz a gorgeous impossibility," said Stuff, and he never refused to lend a helping hand to anyone, especially of his own country, who wanted assistance.

"Well, Bob," said Mr. Rufus, "I think we've seen enough of the effete monarchies of the old world—eh?"

"Can't say, sir, as I ever tasted 'em," replied Mr. Short.

"Well, shall we return?"

"To the land of the brave and the home of the free?" asked Bob. "You bet. I'm tired o' bein' arrested, an' I want ter be in a place where ef a feller gits inter trouble, he can go ter the alderman uv the ward an' it'll all be fixed right. That's the sort o' country for me—that's true freedom. The policemen don't wear no swords there, neither."

The good ship that had taken them over, brought them back, but Mr. Rufus could not, as it seemed, resist the temptation for one more freak of somnambulism on board ship.

Both his wife and Bob had thought him cured, but this last freak, although it proved to be the last, turned out to be decidedly the worst.

Ever since their wedding day, Mr. Rufus had never said one unkind word to his wife. It was reserved for the passage homeward to develop in him a spirit of fiendish quarrelsomeness that startled his wife.

"Confound the soup," remarked Mr. Rufus at dinner one day.

The ship was pitching a good deal, and the jeweler had burned himself and spilled it over his shirt front.

"My dear, it is not the fault of the soup," mildly suggested his wife.

"Keep your mouth shut, you ugly old catamaran," yelled her husband.

To say that Mrs. Rufus and everybody at the table was astonished would be but to mildly express it. The jeweler had never exhibited such ferocity before, and the guests were shocked.

His wife retired from the table, but Bob, who thought that Mr. Rufus was not in his right mind, determined to test the matter. Remembering that Mr. Rufus when asleep, remembered everything he had previously done in a somnambulist state, he walked over to him, and bawled in his ear;

"Wake up."

The jeweler did wake up, for he was really asleep, and the shock cured him.

It was rather difficult for Bob to convince the passengers that the jeweler was not a brute, but at last he succeeded in doing so.

Precisely one year after their departure, the Rufus party again arrived on American soil.

With Bob Short's career after the events just

narrated, we have nothing to do. Suffice it that the young lady who had smiled kindly upon him when he was her father's errand boy had not forgotten him during his absence, and that when approached upon a very delicate subject, a year or two after Bob's return to his native land, she didn't feel at liberty, as Stuff remarked, to "crush his young heart by a refusal."

The jeweler came down handsomely, for Bob had been a good, faithful servant and friend to him, and now makes an affectionate son-in-law.

It is reported in the neighborhood where Bob and Mrs. Short reside that there are a number of little Shorts—Robert Rufus Short, the eldest, being a young blood of three years of age, and taking after his father in love of adventure and fun in a great degree.

Stuff is still the great American Ventriloquist, but we are requested not to "give awee" his real name. He comes to New York very often, and always when he exhibits here, Bob and Mrs. Short take the young Shorts to hear his funny jokes. After that they all go to supper at Bob's house, and chat over old times.

Bob is a partner in Mr. Rufus's business now-a-days, and it is even said that the jeweler has made up his mind to retire altogether before long, in which case, as he has no boys of his own, Bob will succeed to the business.

Mr. Rufus can afford it, for he is one of the wealthiest men in New York. He has every reason to be grateful to Bob, too, for he is now quite cured of his "slambulism," and believes that but for the ocean voyage he would one of these fine nights have walked off the house-top, or done something else equally eccentric.

Red Mike, who "got away" with the jeweler's watch and chain, was ultimately "got away" with himself. A commissioner took Bob's evidence in New York, and the result was that Red Mike was sent to the penitentiary for five years. He is just about out now.

A French author wrote a very funny book founded on Mr. Rufus's experiences in Paris, and a play was also made of them. But the jeweler didn't mind it much, more especially as the last proof completely vindicated him in the eyes of his wife.

As to Bob, he is as fond of fun as ever, but as he is settled down in life and married, it is not quite the thing to indulge in those pranks which distinguished him when a boy. When Stuff Cambell comes along, however, they occasionally go off on a frolic together, at which times the "professor's" knack of ventriloquism causes them no end of amusement.

The reader will acknowledge, at all events, that none of Bob's jokes or Stuff's pranks were vicious or harmful—which proves that fun can be furious, and still perfectly proper.

[THE END.]

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